

A THRILL A MINUTE

OCT.
NO. 43

CRIME

AND

PUNISHMENT



ILLUSTORIES

10¢

STORY BY
ALAN FOLBERG



LET GLENN, FREDMAN - CHARLES BIRD AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

TRUE
CRIMINAL CASE
HISTORIES!

CHARLES
BIRD

IT'S NOTHING BUT POWERES. I TELL YOU!

AND I'M TELLING YOU TO STAY WHERE YOU ARE! TAKE A LOOK INSIDE, STEVE!

THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE IT- OH YOUR TONGUE!

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT! THEY'LL SEE YOU!



JOHN
ROBERTS



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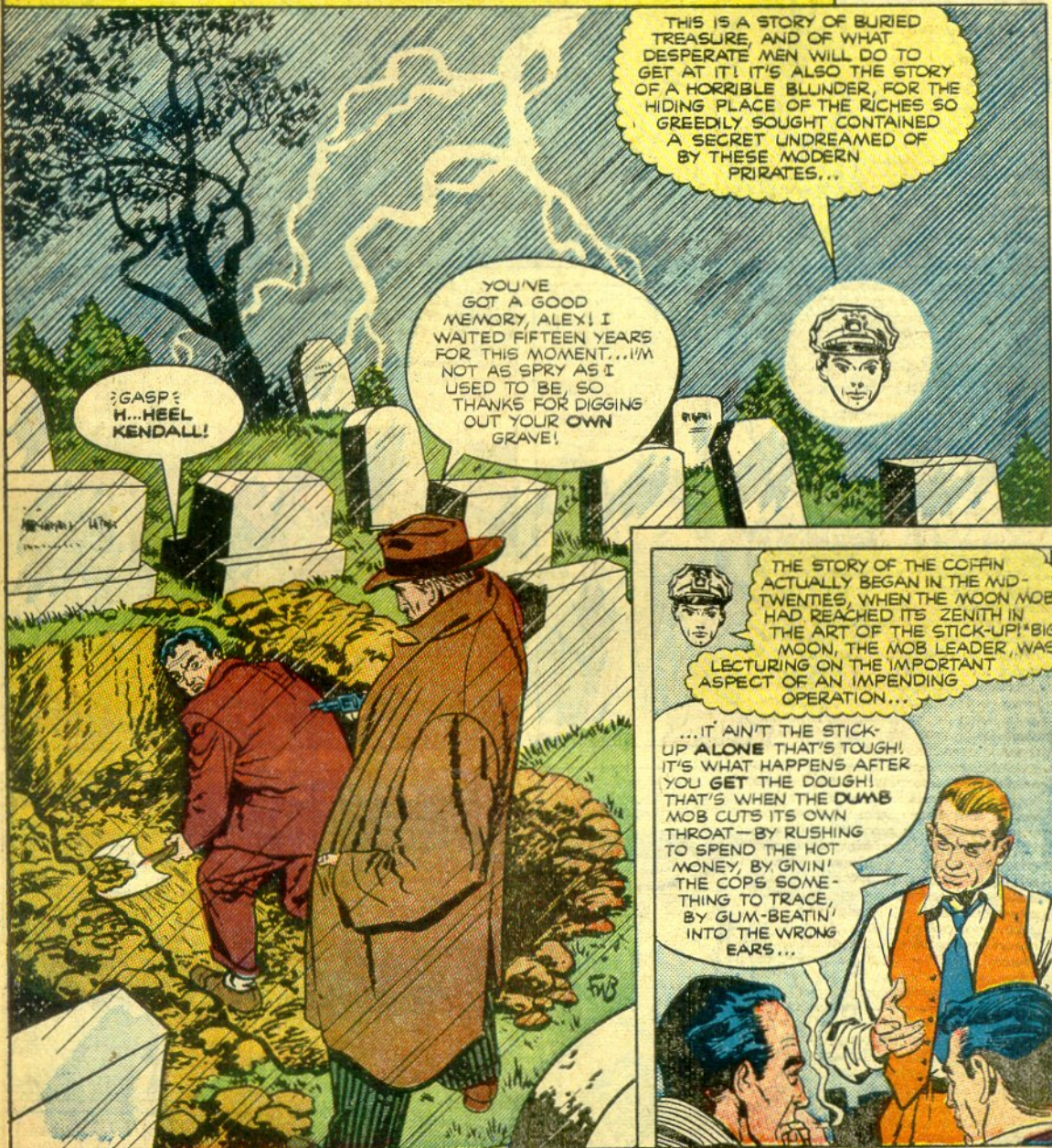
CUT OUT AND SAVE!



"BIG" MOON PLANNED THE HEIST, AND WHAT A HAUL IT WAS—\$320,000! BUT HOT MONEY AND COLD FEET DON'T GO TOGETHER, SO HE PUT IT IN A SAFE PLACE! ONLY THE MOON GANG KNEW...



The SECRET OF THE COFFIN



THIS IS A STORY OF BURIED TREASURE, AND OF WHAT DESPERATE MEN WILL DO TO GET AT IT! IT'S ALSO THE STORY OF A HORRIBLE BLUNDER, FOR THE HIDING PLACE OF THE RICHES SO GREEDILY SOUGHT CONTAINED A SECRET UNDREAMED OF BY THESE MODERN PIRATES...

YOU'VE GOT A GOOD MEMORY, ALEX! I WAITED FIFTEEN YEARS FOR THIS MOMENT...I'M NOT AS SPRY AS I USED TO BE, SO THANKS FOR DIGGING OUT YOUR OWN GRAVE!

?GASP? H...HEEL KENDALL!



THE STORY OF THE COFFIN ACTUALLY BEGAN IN THE MID-TWENTIES, WHEN THE MOON MOB HAD REACHED ITS ZENITH IN THE ART OF THE STICK-UP! "BIG" MOON, THE MOB LEADER, WAS LECTURING ON THE IMPORTANT ASPECT OF AN IMPENDING OPERATION...

...IT AN'T THE STICK-UP ALONE THAT'S TOUGH! IT'S WHAT HAPPENS AFTER YOU GET THE DOUGH! THAT'S WHEN THE DUMB MOB CUTS ITS OWN THROAT—BY RUSHING TO SPEND THE HOT MONEY, BY GVIN' THE COPS SOMETHING TO TRACE, BY GUM-BEATIN' INTO THE WRONG EARS...

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

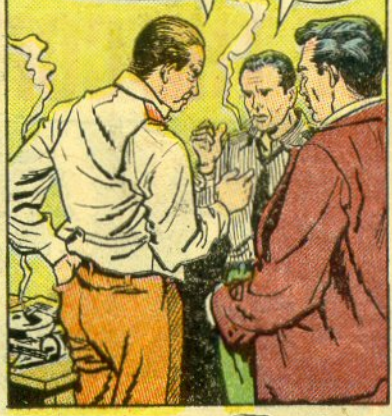
BUT NOT US! WE'LL BE AS CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT WE DO WITH THE LOOT AS WE WILL BE ABOUT THE STICK-UP! WE'RE GOING TO BURY THE DOUGH!

BURY IT? WHERE? FOR HOW LONG?



DON'T WORRY, SERLE! YOU'LL KNOW WHERE THE DOUGH IS BURIED! BUT IT STAYS BURIED! HOW LONG DEPENDS ON THE POLICE! IF THE HEAT LIFTS QUICK, WE DIG IT UP QUICK! IF THE HEAT LASTS YEARS, THEN WE WAIT YEARS! REMEMBER, THIS IS A BIG OPERATION!

Y-YEARS! BUT WE NEED DOUGH NOW! THAT'S WHY I'M IN ON THIS JOB, BIG! I'M IN A JAM! I NEED CASH!



I'LL GET YOU OUT OF YOUR JAM, SERLE, AND IT WON'T TAKE MONEY, EITHER! SO LET'S STOP BLEATIN', EH? BLEATIN' GUNMEN WORRY ME!

I...I AIN'T BLEATIN', BIG, JUST ASKIN'! IF YOU SAY YOU'LL GET ME OUTTA MY JAM, I TRUST YOU, BIG! YOU NEVER STEERED ME WRONG! YOU ALWAYS KEEP YOUR WORD!



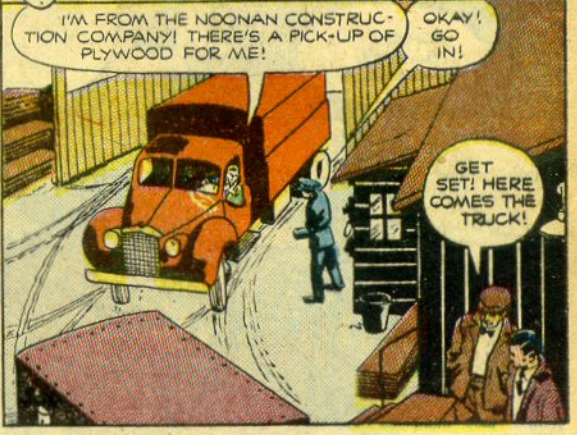
OKAY, THEN, EVERYTHING'S UNDERSTOOD! LET'S HAVE A TOAST TO TOMORROW'S STICK-UP - AN' TO MY KID BROTHER, ALEX, WHO'S JOININ' THE MOB FOR THE FIRST TIME! LET'S HEAR IT, YOU CRUMBS!

HERE'S TO ALEX! HE'S ALL RIGHT!

THANKS, BOYS, BUT I'VE STILL GOT TO PROVE MYSELF! WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW BEFORE YOU START CHEERING ME!



EVEN BIG MOON COULDN'T GUESS HOW MUCH CASH THERE'D BE IN THE ARMORED CAR THAT WAS DELIVERING A PAYROLL TO THE ACME LUMBER COMPANY...

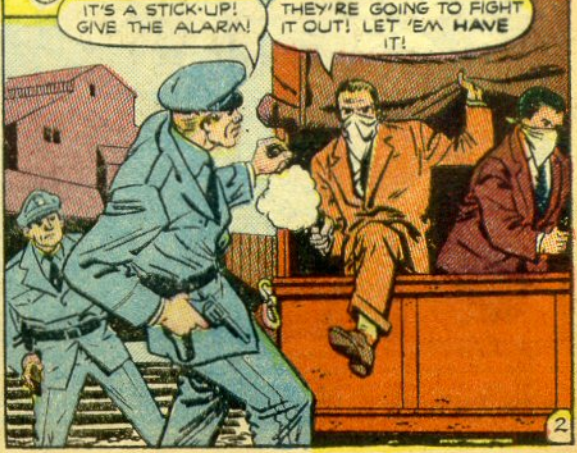


HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK WE'LL GET, BIG?

WE'LL COUNT IT WHEN WE GET IT! THOSE ARMORED CAR GUARDS AREN'T PUSHOVERS!



BIG MOON WAS RIGHT! WHEN THE MOB SPEWED CUT OF THE BACK DOOR OF THEIR TRUCK, THE GUARDS DIDN'T HESITATE...



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

BUT THE MOB HAD THE DROP ON THEM...

ARGHHH!

GIVE UP, OR YOU GET IT, TOO!

YOU WIN!

GET INTO THE TRUCK! YOU'RE COMIN' ALONG AS A HOSTAGE!

BIG MOON HAD PLANNED CAREFULLY! THREE OF HIS MASKED MURDERERS, DISGUISED AS WORKMEN, CAUGHT THE LUMBERYARD PATROLMAN OFF GUARD...

DOWN ON THE FLOOR OR WE'LL KILL THE REST OF YOU!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! YOU'LL BE SITTING IN THE CHAIR, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE WHOLE MURDERING PACK OF YOU!

AND NO ALARM WENT THROUGH FOR BROTHER ALEX HAD CUT ALL WIRES LEADING OUT OF THE LUMBERYARD...

HOW'S IT COMING?

PERFECT! COULDN'T BE BETTER!

GOT THE DOUGH?

YEAH! HOW'S THE ROAD?

ALL CLEAR! KEEP GOIN!

WE'LL FOLLOW RIGHT BEHIND YOU—WITH COPPERS TO KEEP US COMPANY!

BUT FIVE MINUTES LATER, LAW AND LAWLESS HAD PARTED COMPANY...

... COULDN'T LET THAT GUARD LIVE! HE'D REMEMBER MY SIZE AND BUILD AND VOICE AND HE'D BOOST ME INTO THE HOT SEAT BY CHRISTMAS... DO YOU SEE ALEX'S CAR YET?

YEAH, RIGHT UP THE ROAD! GET READY TO SWITCH!

THERE WAS A SECOND SWITCH OF CARS ON STILL ANOTHER ROAD, AND—TWO MORE DEAD HOSTAGES! OBVIOUSLY, THE MOON MOB SUBSCRIBED TO THE THEORY THAT DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES...

HURRY UP!

COMIN'! ONE OF 'EM NEEDED ANOTHER BULLET!

THREE HOURS LATER, AFTER MUCH DOUBLING BACK ON THE TRAIL, TWO CARS CAME TO A STOP IN FRONT OF AN OLD FARM BUILDING ABOUT A MILE FROM TOWN...

HOW MUCH DID WE GET, BIG?

THE JACK POT, BOYS! \$320,000 AN' ALL IN CASH!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

\$320,000! IT DON'T EVEN LOOK REAL!

IT'LL LOOK PLENTY REAL WHEN WE DIG IT UP AN' SPEND IT!

HOW LONG BEFORE WE SPEND IT, BIG?

DEPENDS ON HOW HOT THE DOUGH IS, KID! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE IMPATIENT! PASSIN' ONE HOT BUCK CAN LAND US ALL IN THE DEATH HOUSE! IT PAYS TO WAIT AN' MAKE SURE!

SOME WAIT! LET'S HOPE WE'LL ALL BE ALIVE TO ENJOY IT!

WITH THE MAZUMA WHEN IT'S SAFE TO DIG IT UP!

FUNNY YOU SHOULD BRING THAT UP, SERLE! IT MUST BE INSTINCT! YOU SEE, I DIDN'T DISCUSS EVERY DETAIL OF THE CAPER LAST NIGHT! SOME PARTS HAD TO BE LEFT OUT! THE PART ABOUT ONE OF US DYING FOR THE SAKE OF THE OTHERS, FOR INSTANCE!

ONE OF US D... DYING! WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, BIG? THE GUARDS DIDN'T LAY A FINGER ON ANY OF US!

RIGHT! SO IF ONE OF US DIES IN A \$320,000 CAPER, WE AIN'T DOIN' SO BAD! ANOTHER THING, SERLE, ALEX AN' ME AN' THE BOYS DON'T WANT THE VICTIM TO THINK OUR PICKIN' HIM WAS ANYTHING PERSONAL! HOW TALL ARE YOU, SERLE?

FIVE FEET, ONE! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVIN' AT, BIG?

THE AVERAGE COFFIN'S ABOUT SIX AN' A HALF FEET LONG! YOU'RE FIVE FOOT, ONE, SERLE! THAT LEAVES ALMOST A FOOT AN' A HALF! HERE! STAND ON THE STRONG-BOX!

BUT... (GASP) ... MY G... GUN YOU'RE TAKIN' MY GUN AWAY!

DON'T GET EXCITED! YOU WON'T NEED A GUN ANY MORE! YOU'RE RETIRIN' FROM THE RACKETS A RICH MAN! YOU'LL BE LYIN' WITH \$320,000 AT YOUR FEET! ADD THE STRONGBOX AN' YOU'LL FIT INTO THE COFFIN JUST RIGHT!

BIG! THE UNDERTAKER'S TRUCK JUST DROVE UP!

UNDERTAKER! (GASPI!)

BIG... DON'T DO IT! DON'T KILL ME! GIVE ME A BREAK, BIG...

I'M GIVIN' YOU A BREAK THAT JAM YOU WAS IN - I'M GETTIN' YOU OUT OF IT... OKAY, ALEX, TAKE CARE OF HIM!

RIGHT!

THERE'S YOUR STIFF, JOHNSON!

YEAH, POOR SERLE! COP BULLET GOT HIM...

WHO ARE YOU KIDDING, MOON? I SMELL GUN SMOKE!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



STOP ASKIN' DUMB QUESTIONS, JOHNSON, OR YOU'LL BE NEXT ON THE EMBALMIN' LIST!



JUST AS I THOUGHT... A PERFECT FIT! TOGETHER, THEY MAKE SIX AND A HALF FEET!

WHEN'RE YOU SWITCHING STIFFS, JOHNSON!

TONIGHT! I WANT YOUR MEN AT THE PARLOR AT ELEVEN SHARP, MOON!



DEATH CERTIFICATES BEING HARD TO COME BY, BIG MOON'S PLAN REQUIRED A SUBSTITUTE CORPSE AND NOT THE USUAL SORT OF CORPSE, BUT ONE THAT WOULDN'T BE SEEN BY THE MOURNERS! FORTUNATELY, JOHNSON HAD SUCH A FUNERAL SCHEDULED—A MAN WHOSE FACE HAD BEEN BLOWN OFF IN AN INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT! SO AT ELEVEN SHARP...



IS THE STIFF HEAVY?

NAW! I GUESS THAT MISSING FACE MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE!



HOWEVER, MORE THAN THE POOR MAN'S FACE WAS DESTINED TO BE MISSING! AT DAWN 200 MILES AWAY, HIS BODY REACHED ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE IN THE CENTER OF A QUICKSAND.

LISTEN TO THE SAP! HE'S LAUGHIN'! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS NIGHT IF I LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED—RIDIN' NEXT TO A STIFF WITH A MISSIN' FACE!

HA!
HA!

NO, ED! I WAS LAUGHIN' BECAUSE I WAS THINKIN' HOW THE GUY'S FAMILY WILL BE MOURNIN' IN FRONT OF A COFFIN FULL OF DOUGH! IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT THEY WAS BURYIN'! HA! HA!

SPLASH!



HAROLD BRAUGH MUST HAVE BEEN A WELL-LIKED MAN IN HIS LIFETIME! BESIDES THE IMMEDIATE MOURNERS AND HIS FRIENDS A NUMBER OF 'FRIENDS' UNKNOWN TO THE FAMILY SHOWED UP AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR AT NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY...

EVERYTHING IS GOING SMOOTH AS SILK, BIG! THEY'RE ABOUT READY TO WIND UP THE SERVICES!

SILLY QUESTION, MOON—WHEN DO I GET PAID FOR THIS JOB?

TONIGHT, BUT DON'T RUSH ME, JOHNSON! THE FUNERAL AIN'T OVER YET! I GOTTA SEE WHERE HAROLD BRAUGH GETS BURIED! HE'S GOTTA BE DUG UP SOME DAY! REMEMBER?



DEAR DEPARTED HAROLD BRAUGH! EVEN HIS SUDDENLY ACQUIRED GANGSTER "FRIENDS" WERE NOT GOING TO FORGET "HAROLD", FOR HAROLD BRAUGH WAS A NAME TO REMEMBER!

HAROLD BRAUGH!
HAROLD BRAUGH!
BLOCK 7, SECTION 12, HAROLD BRAUGH!

HAROLD BRAUGH!

HAROLD BRAUGH!
B-R-A-U-G-H! AND PEOPLE SAY—WHAT'S IN A NAME!



WHILE HAROLD BRAUGH WAS A NAME TO REMEMBER, BERNARD JOHNSON WAS A NAME TO FORGET! THAT NIGHT...

BUT YOU TRUSTED ME A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE, BIG!

BEFORE, THERE WASN'T 320 GRAND AT STAKE! SORRY, JOHNSON, BUT THE FEWER PEOPLE WHO KNOW ABOUT THE DOUGH, THE SAFER IT'LL KEEP! RUB HIM OUT, ALEX!

TURN' AROUND, JOHNSON! IT WON'T HURT A BIT!



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

NOW ONLY FIVE GUYS KNOW WHERE THAT DOUGH IS! FIVE GUYS WHO'VE GOT THE SAME THING AT STAKE — THE DOUGH OR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE DOUGH BEING HOT, BIG! THE COPS SAY THEY HAVE A LIST OF THE SERIAL NUMBERS!

VERY NICE! RISK YOUR NECK — FOR WHAT? SO A STIFF'S COLD TOES CAN WARM UP AGAINST HOT DOUGH!

HE CAN'T SPEND IT, CAN HE? IT'S LIKE DOUGH IN THE BANK! TIME WILL PASS! THE COPS'LL GO NUTS WITH NOTHIN' TO TRACE! THE DOUGH'LL GET COLDER THAN AN UNDER-TAKER'S HEART! THEN WE DIG IT UP, GO TO MEXICO AN' LIVE LIKE KINGS!

BUT WHAT HAPPENS BETWEEN NOW AN' THEN? WHAT DO WE LIVE ON? WE CAN'T BE SQUIRRELS ALL OUR LIVES... STEALIN' DOUGH AN' BURYIN' IT SOMEWHERE!

A GOOD QUESTION, EDDIE! I BEEN THINKN' ALONG THE SAME LINE! WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? I SAY, AFTER A HAUL LIKE THIS, WE CAN ONLY GO DOWN-GRADE — UNLESS WE BUST LOOSE INTO ANOTHER RACKET, LIKE BOOZE!

BOOZE?

ARE YOU CRAZY, BIG? THAT MEANS TAKING ON HEEL KANDALL! NO-BODY TAKES A HOOKER OF ROT-GUT IN THIS TOWN WITHOUT PAYIN' KENDALL HIS CUT!

IT'S A BIG TOWN, EDDIE, BIG ENOUGH FOR TEN BOOT-LEGGERS! IF HEEL KENDALL WON'T MOVE OVER, THEN WE'LL HAVE TO PUSH HIM OVER! WHAT DO YOU SAY, KID?

IF YOU WANT BOOZE, WE WANT BOOZE! WHAT THE HECK...IT'S ALL A BUSINESS YOU'VE GOT TO BUILD UP WITH A GUN!

ONE MONTH LATER, HEEL KENDALL WAS INFORMED THAT THE TOWN HE'D 'SEWED' UP WAS BECOMING UNRAVELED WITH MACHINE-GUN BULLETS!

TONIGHT WAS THE SECOND HIJACKIN' JOB THEY PULLED ON US IN A WEEK! THEY CHILLED JIM AN' MORENO!

YOU'RE STILL CONVINCED IT'S THE MOON MOB?

POSITIVE, HEEL! SOMETHIN'S QUEERED 'BIG' MOON ON STICK-UPS! HE'S AFTER OUR RACKET NOW! AN' MOON'S A TOUGH BABY! HE WON'T BOW OUT BY INVITATION!

GIVE THE MOON MOB A TASTE OF HOT LEAD AN' THEY'LL RUN BACK TO SAFE-CRACKIN'!

NO, THAT'S NOT SO EASILY DONE! MOON'S A FIGHTER! YOU'D ONLY WHET HIS APPETITE! HE'D ROUND UP A BIGGER GANG AND COME BACK TWICE AS STRONG! PLENTY OF ALKY-PEDDLERS IN THIS TOWN WOULD LIKE TO SEE ME TORN APART!

THEN WHAT DO WE DO? TAKE IT ON THE CHIN WITHOUT HITTING BACK?

NO, TIM, WE'LL BAIT A TRAP! WE'LL BAIT IT WITH SUCCESS! GIVE THE MOON MOB A FEELING THEY'RE TAKING OVER, THEN, WHEN THEY'RE BURSTING WITH CONFIDENCE, CATCH 'EM TOGETHER ONE NIGHT, ROLL A BARREL OF NITRO INTO THEIR LAPS AND THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT TO FILL A THIMBLE!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME HEEL! WE WAIT, THEN!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

SO HEEL KENDALL WAITED WHILE THE MOON MOB MADE MAY! THEY HIJACKED EVERYTHING KENDALL PUT ON WHEELS. THEY INTIMIDATED SPEAKEASIES...

IT'S COMMON SENSE, FELLER! BETTER TO LIVE AN' DEAL WITH MOON THAN DIE JUST TO PLAY BALL WITH KENDALL, RIGHT?

R. RIGHT!

THEY AIN'T EVEN FIRED AN ANSWERIN' SHOT! THEM KENDALL GOONS ARE ON THE RUN! WHEN WE TAKE OVER THIS TOWN, WE'LL MAKE PAYROLL ROBBERIES LOOK LIKE PETTY LARCENY!

TWO WEEKS LATER, THE KENDALL GANG MET OUTSIDE A SOUTH SIDE GARAGE...

TONIGHT WE CAN CATCH 'EM LIKE YOU SAID HEEL! MOON'S GOT A FARMHOUSE FIFTEEN MILES FROM TOWN! HE USES IT AS A GARAGE AN' HIDEOUT! TONIGHT HE'S THROWIN' A PARTY! HE'S TAKING OVER THE NORTH SIDE!

GOOD! WE'LL CELEBRATE WITH 'EM! WE'LL BRING ALONG A PRESENT MOON'S SURE TO GET A BANG OUT OF—TWO TONS OF DYNAMITE!

YES, THE MOON SHINDIG WAS A BRILLIANT SUCCESS! SO MUCH BOOZE FLOWED THAT ONE WOULD THINK THE GANG'S PROSPERITY HAD ERASED THEIR MEMORIES OF THE \$320,000 IN THE COFFIN! BUT SUCH WAS NOT THE CASE...

THE PAPERS HAVE, BUT THE COPPERS AIN'T! I'LL TAKE AT LEAST ANOTHER YEAR BEFORE WE CAN TOUCH THAT KALE! BUT WHAT'S THERE TO WORRY ABOUT? AIN'T WE GOT DOUGH ENOUGH? WE'RE ROLLIN' IN GREEN!

IF YOU'RE NOT RIGHT, WHO IS? BY THE WAY, WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF CHAMPAGNE! WHO'LL GO INTO TOWN WITH ME TO PICK UP A FEW CASES?

I'LL GO WITH YOU, ALEX!

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD, BOYS? ENJOYIN' THE PARTY?

SURE, BIG! IT'S GREAT! YOU GAVE IT THE WORKS, ONLY SOMETHIN' ELSE HAS BEEN BOTHERIN' US LATELY! Y'SEE...

THE GANG WANTS TO KNOW IF THE HEAT'S OFF THE BURIED SWAG! THE COPS GOT NOWHERE WITH THEIR INVESTIGATION, THE PAPERS HAVE LOST INTEREST IN THE STORY...

THE PAPERS HAVE, BUT THE COPPERS AIN'T! I'LL TAKE AT LEAST ANOTHER YEAR BEFORE WE CAN TOUCH THAT KALE! BUT WHAT'S THERE TO WORRY ABOUT? AIN'T WE GOT DOUGH ENOUGH? WE'RE ROLLIN' IN GREEN!

IF YOU'RE NOT RIGHT, WHO IS? BY THE WAY, WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF CHAMPAGNE! WHO'LL GO INTO TOWN WITH ME TO PICK UP A FEW CASES?

I'LL GO WITH YOU, ALEX!

YOU THINK BIG'S GIVIN' US THE STRAIGHT GOODS, ALEX? I DON'T MEAN BIG WOULD DOUBLE-CROSS US—BIG'S A STRAIGHT SHOOTER—BUT AIN'T HE PLAYIN' THAT 320'S A LITTLE TOO SAFE?

YOU CAN'T PLAY IT SAFE ENOUGH, EDDIE! AS LONG AS WE DON'T NEED IT, WHY TOUCH IT? THAT TOM SERLE'S FEET AIN'T WALKIN' AWAY! LEAVE IT TO BIG! BIG KNOWS THE SCORE!

BUT THAT SCORE WAS ABOUT TO BECOME ZERO, AS A TRUCK WITH A STRAPPED WHEEL STARTED TO ROLL TOWARD THE MOON HIDEOUT...

WHEN SHE HITS, TIM, GO IN WITH THE BOYS AND MOP UP!

MOP UP WHAT? PIECES? THERE'S TWO TONS OF DYNAMITE IN THAT TRUCK, HEEL! THAT FARMHOUSE WILL TURN INTO A FURNACE IN TWO MINUTES!

GO IN AND COUNT PIECES, THEN! BUT I DON'T WANT ANYONE ESCAPING!

JOE! LOOK!

HEY—I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS BIG! COME HERE! QUICK!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

A TRUCK—IT'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR US—EEAAA!!

BOO-O M MM!

BOOM!

THERE SHE GOES! WHEN THE PIECES STOP FALLIN', GO IN AN' BLAST ANYBODY THAT'S LEFT!

BUT FIVE MINUTES LATER, TIM BROUGHT BACK A PRISONER...

I WAS GOIN' TO PLUG THIS GUY, HEEL, WHEN HE STARTED SCREAMIN' THAT IF I SAVED HIS LIFE, HE'D TELL ME WHERE \$320,000 WAS BURIED!

WE TOOK THE 320 GRAND IN A PAYROLL STICK-UP FOUR MONTHS AGO! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE IT IS... ONLY DON'T KILL ME, MR. KENDALL! P.PLEASE!

\$320,000? THE ACME LUMBERYARD STICK-UP! SO THE MOON MOB DID IT, EH? I WANT TO HEAR THIS STORY ON THE WAY BACK TO TOWN!

WHERE'S THE MONEY, CRUMBS? ANY OF IT SPENT?

NO, MR. KENDALL! IT'S ALL THERE, EVERY PENNY OF IT, AN' ONLY THREE PEOPLE BESIDE MYSELF KNOW WHERE IT'S HIDDEN!

WHO ARE THEY?

KILL A MAN WHO GIVES ME \$320,000? DON'T BE SILLY! SHOW ME THE HIDING PLACE AND YOU'LL GET TWENTY G'S OF IT FOR YOURSELF! TELL THE CHAUFFEUR WHERE TO DRIVE!

A CEMETERY? WHAT KIND OF GAG IS THIS?

NO GAG, I SWEAR IT! BIG KNEW THE DOUGH'D BE HOT SO WE BURIED IT WHERE NOBODY'D TRIP OVER IT—IN TOM SERLE'S COFFIN! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS DIG THE COFFIN UP!

BIG MOON WAS A REMARKABLE CHARACTER—A FANTASTIC IMAGINATION WITH WILL TO MATCH! BERT—DRIVE AROUND AND PICK US UP HERE IN AN HOUR!

WAIT A MINUTE! GASP! I... I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHIN'!

WHAT? SPILL IT, YOU RUMMY!

WHAT NAME?

THE BODY IS SERLE'S, BUT THE GRAVE AIN'T! THE GRAVE GOES BY ANOTHER NAME!

I... I DON'T REMEMBER! MY MIND'S GOIN' AROUND! I... I CAN'T THINK! WAIT! I KNOW WHERE THE GRAVE IS! MAYBE IF I SEE THE NAME, IT'LL COME BACK TO ME!

IF YOU ASK ME, HEEL, HE'S STALLIN'! I DON'T THINK THERE IS SUCH A GRAVE! I DON'T EVEN THINK MOON PULLED THE JOB!

WE'RE HERE, TIM! LET'S PLAY THE STRING OUT! OKAY, PUNK, FIND THE GRAVE!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! I'M SURE OF IT! I SAW TOM BURIED! LET'S SEE WHAT THE NAMES ON THE TOMBSTONES SAY! ANYBODY GOT A FLASH-LIGHT?

IT'S BACK IN THE CAR! DO THE BEST YOU CAN BY MOON-LIGHT!

HE WON'T FIND NO GRAVE, HEEL! IT WAS ALL A BLUFF! HE TOLD US THAT 320 G'S FAIRY TALE ONLY TO SAVE HIS OWN DIRTYSKIN!



NO! I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH! BUT MY MIND IS BLACKIN' OUT! LET'S SEE... GORDON... LEWIS... NO! IT AIN'T HERE! KOVACS... DREW... ALLEN... PETERS...

I'VE GOTTA FIND IT! THEY'LL THINK I WAS KIDDIN'! THEY'LL... GASP! BUMP ME OFF!

HENSEN... PHILLIPS... NORTON...

STARTIN' TO RAIN, HEEL! WANT TO HANG AROUND AN' CATCH PNEUMONIA WHILE THIS GUY TAKES A CENSUS OF THE STIFFS?

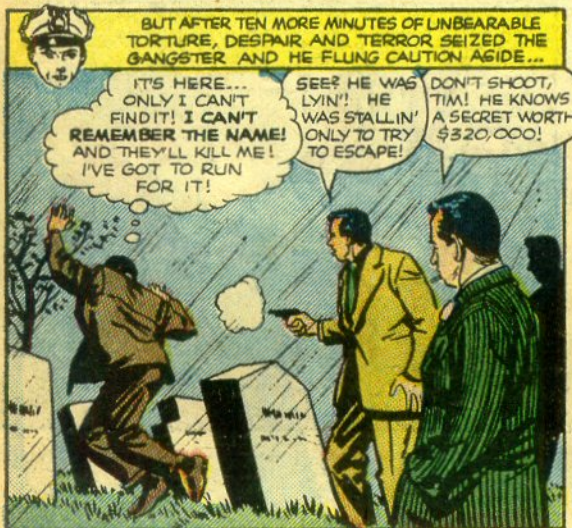
WE'LL GIVE HIM A LITTLE MORE TIME, TIM! WHAT DO WE LOGE?



AS 'AN HOUR PASSED AND NO NAME REGISTERED, THE POOR GOON BEGAN TO SHIVER! NAMES SWAM BEFORE HIS FEVERED EYES! BUT WHEREVER HE LOOKED, THE MAN WITH THE GUN FOLLOVED!

YOU'RE LYING, PUNK! WHY DON'T YOU OWN UP TO IT? YOU KNOW THERE AIN'T ANY DOUGH IN ANY COFFIN!

THERE IS! GIVE ME TIME! WESTON... DELANEY... UNGER! IT'S GOTTA BE HERE SOMEWHERE!

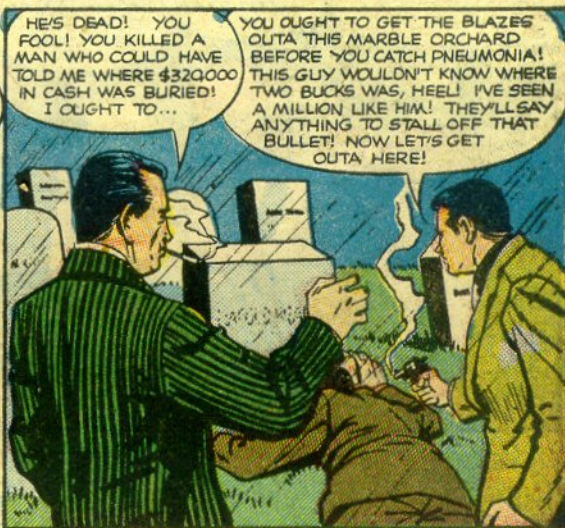


BUT AFTER TEN MORE MINUTES OF UNBEARABLE TORTURE, DESPAIR AND TERROR SEIZED THE GANGSTER AND HE FLUNG CAUTION ASIDE...

IT'S HERE... ONLY I CAN'T FIND IT! I CAN'T REMEMBER THE NAME! AND THEY'LL KILL ME! I'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT!

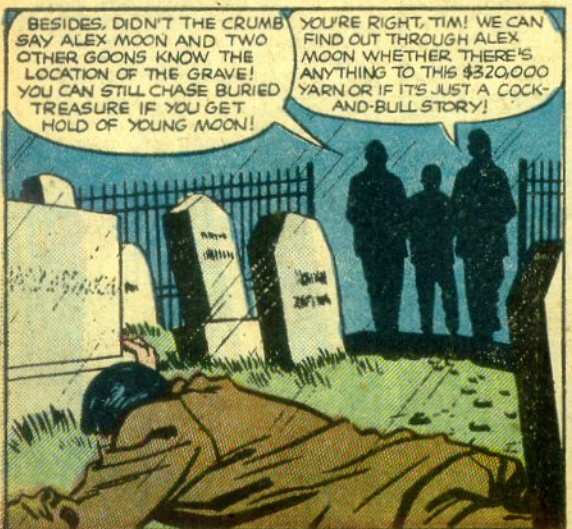
SEE? HE WAS LYIN'! HE WAS STALLIN' ONLY TO TRY TO ESCAPE!

DON'T SHOOT, TIM! HE KNOWS A SECRET WORTH \$320,000!



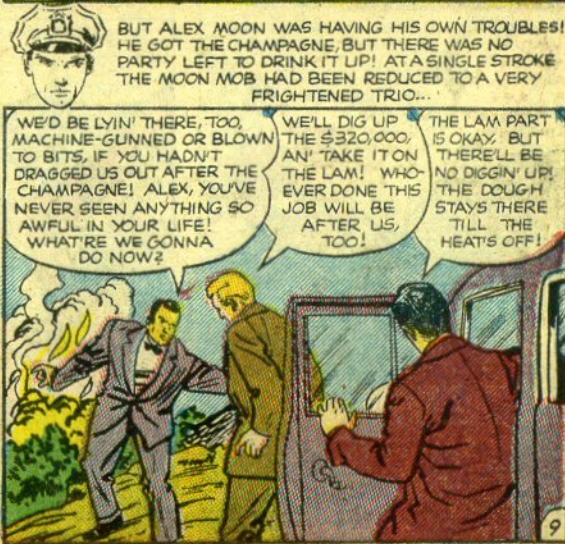
HE'S DEAD! YOU FOOL! YOU KILLED A MAN WHO COULD HAVE TOLD ME WHERE \$320,000 IN CASH WAS BURIED! I OUGHT TO...

YOU OUGHT TO GET THE BLAZES OUTA THIS MARBLE ORCHARD BEFORE YOU CATCH PNEUMONIA! THIS GUY WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TWO BUCKS WAS, HEEL! I'VE SEEN A MILLION LIKE HIM! THEY'LL SAY ANYTHING TO STALL OFF THAT BULLET! NOW LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



BESIDES, DIDN'T THE CRUMB SAY ALEX MOON AND TWO OTHER GOONS KNOW THE LOCATION OF THE GRAVE! YOU CAN STILL CHASE BURIED TREASURE IF YOU GET HOLD OF YOUNG MOON!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TIM! WE CAN FIND OUT THROUGH ALEX MOON WHETHER THERE'S ANYTHING TO THIS \$320,000 YARN OR IF IT'S JUST A COCK-AND-BULL STORY!



BUT ALEX MOON WAS HAVING HIS OWN TROUBLES! HE GOT THE CHAMPAGNE, BUT THERE WAS NO PARTY LEFT TO DRINK IT UP! AT A SINGLE STROKE THE MOON MOB HAD BEEN REDUCED TO A VERY FRIGHTENED TRIO...

WE'D BE LYIN' THERE, TOO, MACHINE-GUNNED OR BLOWN TO BITS, IF YOU HADN'T DRAGGED US OUT AFTER THE CHAMPAGNE! ALEX, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO AWFUL IN YOUR LIFE! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW?

WE'LL DIG UP THE \$320,000, AN' TAKE IT ON THE LAM! WHO EVER DONE THIS JOB WILL BE AFTER US, TOO!

THE LAM PART IS OKAY, BUT THERE'LL BE NO DIGGIN' UP! THE DOUGH STAYS THERE TILL THE HEATS OFF!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

WHO MADE YOU HEAD OF THIS MOB? WHO SAID YOU GIVE ORDERS NOW?

I SAID! AND I'VE GOT A LITTLE FRIEND HERE WHO TALKS EVEN LOUDER AN' FASTER THAN I DO! IF KENDALL'S OR SOME OTHER MOB WENT AFTER US, OKAY! WE CAN'T STAND UP TO 'EM ALONE! BUT FORGET THE 320 G'S! IT STAYS SIX FEET UNDER!

WHO'S ARGUIN' WITH YOU, ALEX? YOU'RE BIG'S BROTHER! WHAT YOU SAY, GOES! LET'S STOP SCRAPPIN' AN' GET OUTTA HERE!

BUT THERE WAS AN EXPRESSION IN EDDIE DOYLE'S EYES THAT MADE ALEX MOON THINK—THINK OF HOW A BULLET FROM EDDIE'S GUN WOULD NOT ONLY SETTLE THE QUESTION OF AUTHORITY, BUT ALSO ELIMINATE ANOTHER CUT IN THE PIE!

WHY SHOULD THREE GUYS LIKE US CUT EACH OTHER'S THROATS? AIN'T THERE ENOUGH IN SERLE'S COFFIN FOR EVERYBODY? RIGHT, MIKE?

THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING! THEY MIGHT PULL A ROD ON ME THE FIRST TIME I TURN MY BACK! I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

RIGHT AS RAIN, EDDIE!

OKAY! OUT! BOTH OF YOU! INTO THE BUSHES! WE THREE ARE GOIN' TO HAVE A LONG TALK! START MOVIN', OR ELSE I START SHOOTIN'!

LOOK, KID! DON'T GET EXCITED! IF YOU DON'T WANT US TO TOUCH THE DOUGH WE WON'T TOUCH IT!

LIKE EDDIE SAID, IT AIN'T NOthin' FOR US TO FIGHT ABOUT! THERE'S ENOUGH FOR ALL! SO DON'T GET CRAZY IDEAS, KID!

BUT ST LOUIS MIKE AND EDDIE DOYLE HAD READ ALEX MOON'S MIND AS IF IT WERE MADE OF GLASS! THEY WERE OLD HANDS AT THE RUB-OUT! THEY KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT AND HAD NO INTENTION OF TAKING IT LYING DOWN...

GET HIM, EDDIE! HE WANTS THE DOUGH FOR HIMSELF!

HE'LL GET IT OVER MY DEAD BODY! THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSIN'...

OH!!! Y-YOU RATS! YOU GET IT NOW!

Ee!!!

GOT 'EM BOTH! B... BUT THEY GOT ME, TOO! I C-CAN FEEL THE BULLETS IN MY STOMACH! :GASP!: OHH! THEY BURN LIKE FIRE! GOTTA GET TO A DOCTOR! I'LL BLEED TO D. DEATH!

BUT ALEX MOON WAS TOO BADLY HURT TO GET FARTHER THAN THE HIGHWAY! HE TOTTERED A FEW STEPS THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK...

(GROAN!) THE RATS! THEY... OHH!

GEORGE! LOOK! A MAN JUST FELL INTO A DITCH! STOP THE CAR! HE MIGHT BE HURT!

IRONICALLY, IT WAS ALEX'S WOUNDS THAT SAVED HIM FROM THE CHAIR, FOR THE BULLETS EXTRACTED FROM HIS BODY INDICATED THAT HE MAY HAVE KILLED ST. LOUIS MIKE AND EDDIE DOYLE IN DEFENSE OF HIS LIFE!

AS YOUR LAWYER, ALEX, I ADVISE YOU TO PLEAD GUILTY TO MANSLAUGHTER! YOU'LL DRAW A JAIL SENTENCE, BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL BE SURE OF THE OUTCOME!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, SANBORN! I FIGURE I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

BUT THE VEIN OF IRONY WASN'T EXHAUSTED! THAT SAME DAY THE POLICE FOUND A VICTIM OF A GANG SLAYING LYING ACROSS A BULLET-RIDDLED GRAVE...

HELLS ON THE GROUND! WE CAN TRACE THE GUN!

HERE'S SOMETHING EVEN BETTER! HEEL PRINTS— THE DEEPEST, LONGEST HEEL PRINTS YOU EVER SAW! WE'LL GET A PERFECT PLASTER CAST— THANKS TO THE RAIN LAST NIGHT!



EIGHT HOURS LATER, HEEL KENDALL WAS SITTING IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, PERSPIRING AS HE WATCHED FIVE PAIRS OF HIS SHOE HEELS FIT EXACTLY INTO THE PLASTER CASTS...

COME CLEAN, KENDALL! ONLY ONE MAN IN TOWN WEARS BUILT-UP HEELS LIKE YOURS! THE PRINTS EVEN HAVE YOUR BOOT-MAKER'S TRADEMARK! YOU WERE IN THE CEMETERY LAST NIGHT WHEN JOE FEWSTER WAS SHOT!

BUT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE KILLIN! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! I TRIED TO STOP TIM COLBY, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN! HE SHOT THE GOON DOWN!



IT WAS FORTUNATE FOR KENDALL THAT TIM COLBY ELECTED TO SHOOT IT OUT WHEN THE POLICE CAME FOR HIM FOR THE POLICE BULLETS SILENCED A TONGUE THAT COULD HAVE TOLD PLenty ABOUT THE BOMBING RAID ON THE MOON MOB'S HIDEOUT!

HOW WILL THIS SITUATION AFFECT KENDALL, CAPTAIN?

IT SUBSTANTIATES HIS STORY! BUT WE CAN STILL INDICT KENDALL AS AN ACCESSORY TO THE FEWSTER MURDER, PROVIDED THE DA DOESN'T ACCEPT A PLEA OF GUILTY TO SECOND-DEGREE MURDER...



BUT THE D.A., LACKING WITNESSES, DID ACCEPT A GUILTY PLEA, AND WITHIN A MONTH, TWO MEN WITH BUT ONE IDEA WERE SENTENCED TO LONG STRETCHES IN PRISON...

I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU, ALEX MOON, TO FIFTEEN TO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY...

FIFTEEN YEARS!

ALBERT KENDALL, I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN TO TWENTY YEARS IN STATE PRISON...

AT LEAST, I'LL BE GETTING OUT BEFORE MOON! I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO BE ON HAND WHEN HE DIGS THAT DOUGH UP!



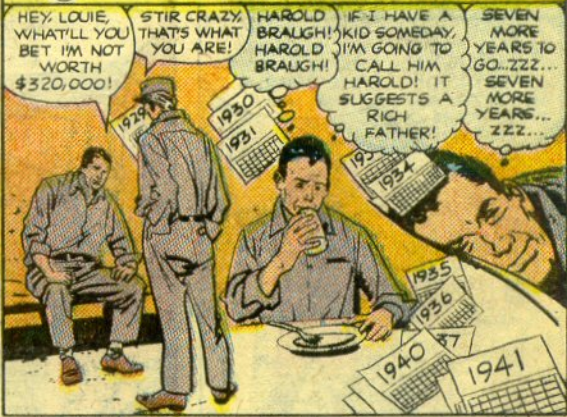
AND THOUGH THE YEARS PASSED SLOWLY, SCARCELY AN HOUR OF EACH DAY PASSED WITHOUT MOON THINKING OF THE BIG DAY HE'D LEAVE STIR A RICH MAN...

HEY, LOUIE, WHAT'LL YOU BET I'M NOT WORTH \$320,000!

STIR CRAZY, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!

HAROLD BRAUGH! IF I HAVE A KID SOMEDAY, I'M GOING TO CALL HIM HAROLD! IT SUGGESTS A RICH FATHER!

SEVEN MORE YEARS TO GO... ZZZ... SEVEN MORE YEARS... ZZZ...



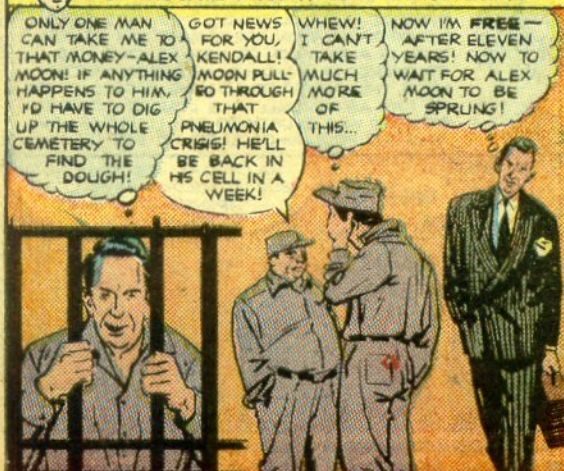
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PRISON IN ANOTHER PART OF THE STATE, ANOTHER MAN'S MIND WAS OBSESSED BY THE SAME THOUGHT— BUT WITH A DIFFERENCE...

ONLY ONE MAN CAN TAKE ME TO THAT MONEY— ALEX MOON! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM, I'D HAVE TO DIG UP THE WHOLE CEMETERY TO FIND THE DOUGH!

GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KENDALL! MOON PULLS THROUGH THAT PNEUMONIA CRISIS! HE'LL BE BACK IN HIS CELL IN A WEEK!

WHEW! I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS...

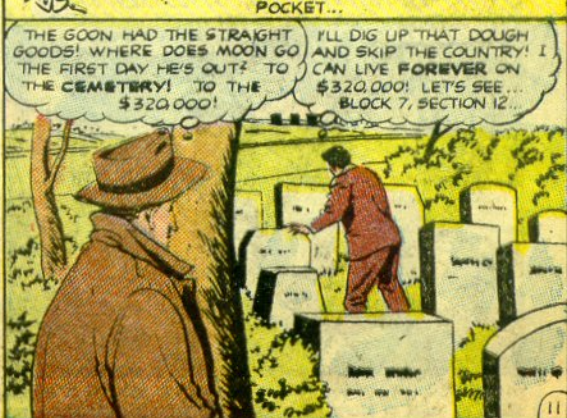
NOW I'M FREE— AFTER ELEVEN YEARS! NOW TO WAIT FOR ALEX MOON TO BE SPRUNG!



IN 1942 CAME THE BIG DAY... THE DAY BOTH MEN HAD WAITED FIFTEEN YEARS TO SEE... THE DAY ALEX MOON HIT THE BRICKS! HEEL KENDALL WAS WAITING OUTSIDE THE PRISON GATES WHEN ALEX EMERGED, AND FOR TEN HOURS HE SHADOWED ALEX, WITH A TIGHT GRIP ON THE .38 IN HIS POCKET...

THE GOON HAD THE STRAIGHT GOODS! WHERE DOES MOON GO THE FIRST DAY HE'S OUT? TO THE CEMETERY! TO THE \$320,000!

I'LL DIG UP THAT DOUGH AND SKIP THE COUNTRY! I CAN LIVE FOREVER ON \$320,000! LET'S SEE... BLOCK 7, SECTION 12...



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

SECTION 12 SHOULD BE RIGHT AROUND HERE...GASP! A HIGHWAY! THEY BUILT A HIGHWAY RIGHT THROUGH THE CEMETERY! THEY MOVED THE GRAVES—HEY, YOU! WAIT A MINUTE! I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING!

HMM...HE'S RUNNING TOWARD THOSE GRAVE-DIGGERS!

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, THEY BURIED A FRIEND OF MINE HERE...IN BLOCK 7, SECTION 12! BUT I CAN'T FIND HIS GRAVE!

THEY MOVED 'EM ALL OUT SIX YEARS AGO TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE HIGHWAY! BUT THAT AIN' NOTHIN' TO GET EXCITED ABOUT! YOU KNOW HIS NAME? LOOK IT UP AT THE MAIN BUILDING!

SO THE AUTHORITIES GAVE ALEX DIRECTIONS TO THE NEW RESTING PLACE OF HAROLD BRAJON! THAT NIGHT, MUCH RELIEVED AND EXCITED BEYOND MEASURE, BY EACH SHOVEL FULL OF EARTH HE FLUNG OUT OF THE GRAVE, ALEX MOON FINALLY STRUCK BOTTOM...

SERLES COFFIN! NOW TO PRY IT LOOSE AND...

DON'T BOTHER, MOON! I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FIFTEEN YEARS FOR THIS MOMENT!

ALEX RECOGNIZED KENDALL INSTANTLY! KENDALL'S HEELS WERE STILL HIGH AND ALEX WAS PRACTICALLY AT EYE LEVEL WITH THEM! ALEX'S ARMS MOVED AS QUICKLY AS KENDALL'S TRIGGER FINGER...

NOBODY'S GOING TO TAKE THIS DOUGH AWAY FROM ME—NOT NOW! NOT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF HOPING!

THAT WON'T HELP YOU, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE FINISHED! THE MONEY'S MINE NOW!

BUT AN AUTOMATIC IS MORE CONVINCING THAN A SHOVEL, AND THE AUTOMATIC WON! A LITTLE LATER, KENDALL'S GREEDY HANDS WERE CLUTCHING THE STRONGBOX...

ONLY GOT TO RILL IN THE GRAVE AGAIN, AND WALK AWAY WITH \$320,000! I...I'LL BREAK THE BOX OPEN...GASP! I...I CAN'T WAIT TILL I SEE THAT DOUGH!

EEEEAAA! N...NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!!

HOLY SMOKES, BILL! HE'S KILLED A MAN AND OPENED A GRAVE! LOOK AT ALL THAT MONEY!

NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE! THIS... THIS...

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOIN' DOWN THERE? RAISE YOUR HANDS!

I WAITED FIFTEEN YEARS! I KILLED TWO MEN FOR IT! IT'S NOT FAIR! :SOB!: THIS CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME! :SOB!: IT CAN'T...:SOB!:

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT GUY WHO DROVE PAST ON THE HIGHWAY SAW THE GUN FLASHES, BILL! DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S DOWN HERE? A FORTUNE IN MONEY, ONLY...

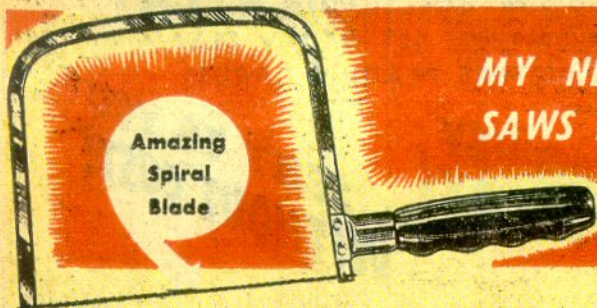
ONLY IT WAS BALLOON MONEY—THE LARGE, OVERSIZE PAPER CURRENCY THAT HAD BEEN OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR ALMOST TEN YEARS! EVEN IF ALEX MOON OR HEEL KENDALL HAD RECOVERED IT, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORTHLESS! THEY NEVER COULD HAVE PASSED IT! SO AS FAR AS KENDALL WAS CONCERNED, THE \$320,000 WAS ONLY GOOD FOR BURNING—AS WAS THE FOOL WHO KILLED TO GET IT!

EEEEAAA!!

THE CHUMP! HE'S GONE NUTS! BUT IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED TO A MORE DESERVING GUY!

THE END

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL, THIS IN NO WAY AFFECTS THE ACCURACY OF THESE STORIES WHICH ARE BASED ON FACT.



MY NEW SENSATIONAL SAW SAWS BOTH WOOD AND METAL



SAWS

- Aluminum
- Balsa
- Bamboo
- Bone
- Brass
- Bronze
- Compa Board
- Copper
- Felt
- Fiberglass
- Gold
- Iron
- Leather
- Lindacum
- Masonite
- Paper
- Plaster Board
- Plastics
- Plywood
- Rockwood
- Rubber
- Stycrting
- Stainless Steel

Here's the amazing saw invention that hobbyists and craftsmen are acclaiming from coast to coast. It cuts through any material like a high speed machine saw because the marvelous spiral cutting edge adds tremendous power to your stroke. Can't slip... grips metal or wood with even, instantaneous action... goes through either as quick as lightning. A revolutionary improvement that permits this new

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This revolutionary new saw consists of a special Vibro-Flex frame and a miracle blade that cuts anything from rubber to steel, WITHOUT CLOGGING OR JAMMING, and without CHEWING, CHIPPING OR TEARING THE MATERIAL. Imagine being able to cut in any direction without turning the saw! With its amazing new spiral blade this marvelous saw reaches into corners to cut the most difficult shapes—does work you just can't do with any other type blade.

This Special Spiral Wonder Blade, the greatest saw invention since Miller's circular saw in 1777, is made of high carbon steel, hardened by a special heat-treating process. It outlasts any hacksaw or coping saw blade.

Start your cut exactly where you want it—the blade will not jump or bend. You can guide the blade with your thumb with no danger of cutting. SO SAFE IT CAN BE USED FREELY, BY WOMEN OR CHILDREN.

10 DAY
TRIAL
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IT'S SAFE — EVEN FOR CHILDREN

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Modelers of airplanes, railroads, metals, jewelry, and all hobbyists and mechanics will delight in using this SPIRAL SAW. Adds to the fun of the job... BUT... more important, it works cleaner, easier and faster.

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Just put the SPIRAL in place and you're sawing on a straight, even line. It won't slip. It's safe. No matched edges to cut yourself.

SAFE FOR CHILDREN.

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This magnified section shows you the continuous spiral teeth.



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A EXTRA BLADES FREE. RUSH COUPON FOR TRIAL OFFER

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If you ACT AT ONCE you get this revolutionary new saw plus four extra blades for practically a lifetime of use. You get these FOUR BLADES ABSOLUTELY FREE. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—Simply fill out the coupon below. When your saw and FOUR EXTRA BLADES arrive, pay postman ONLY \$1.95 plus postage. If you're not completely satisfied, return the saw and blades for prompt refund of full purchase price.

GUARANTEES DISTRIBUTORS CO

Dept. T 118
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush me Special Spiral Saw with FOUR EXTRA BLADES for practically a lifetime of use. Upon arrival, I will pay postman \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If not completely satisfied, I can return the saw and blades for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

I am enclosing \$2.00 per saw. You pay postage. Of course, I receive the FOUR FREE BLADES and the same money-back guarantee.

QUICK

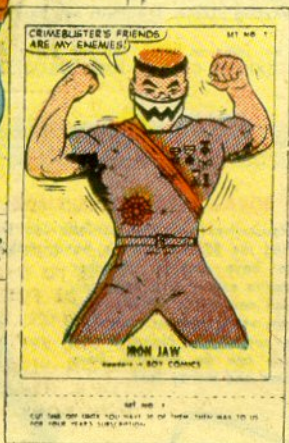
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GET A COMPLETE SET OF LEV GLEASON
COMICS PICTURE TRADING CARDS!

IT'S
FREE!

**NO MONEY
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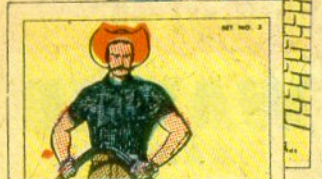
IT'S EASY!



HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

YOU WILL FIND A SPECIAL TRADING CARD COUPON ON THE TOP OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THIS MAGAZINE. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, THESE COUPONS WILL BE FOUND IN ALL OF THE FOLLOWING LEV GLEASON COMICS: CRIME DOES NOT PAY, BOY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, DAREDEVIL AND BLACK DIAMOND.

JUST SEND US **TWO** OF THESE COUPONS AND WE WILL SEND YOU **FREE** ONE SET OF TRADING CARDS. YOU CAN PICK YOUR OWN SETS. THEY ARE LISTED IN THE BOX ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. THERE ARE 5 SETS IN ALL. COLLECT AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. JUST REMEMBER TO SEND TWO COUPONS FOR EACH SET. TAKE THE COUPONS FROM ANY OF THE LEV GLEASON COMICS MENTIONED ABOVE (CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, DAREDEVIL, BOY AND BLACK DIAMOND). THEY WILL ALL HAVE COUPONS, WAITING FOR YOU, ON THE FIRST PAGE OF EVERY ISSUE.



CUT THIS OFF WHEN YOU HAVE TWO COMPLETE GROUPS OF 13 CARDS EACH, THEN MAIL TO US FOR YOUR YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

CUT THIS OFF WHEN YOU HAVE TWO COMPLETE GROUPS OF 13 CARDS EACH, THEN MAIL TO US FOR YOUR YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

CUT THIS OFF WHEN YOU HAVE TWO COMPLETE GROUPS OF 13 CARDS EACH, THEN MAIL TO US FOR YOUR YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

HERE ARE THE SETS



When you send your coupons, choose the set or sets you want. Order them by number — but each set is COMPLETE and cards in each set CANNOT be changed. Order more sets as you want more cards.

SET NO. 1
SLUGGER
GRUESOME JONES
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SET NO. 3
CHIP GARDNER
BUMPER
CURLY

SET NO. 2
WISE GUYS GROUP
CRIMEBUSTER
AND SQUEEKS
RELIAPON

SET NO. 4
SCARECROW
DAREDEVIL
DILLY DUNCAN

SET NO. 5
BLACK DIAMOND AND RELIAPON
SQUEEKS
HOT ROCK FLANAGAN

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF THE COUPON YOU NEED TO GET YOUR TRADING CARDS. YOU WILL FIND IT ON THE FIRST INSIDE PAGE OF EACH MAGAZINE. THIS SAMPLE COUPON HAS NO VALUE. DON'T USE IT.



SAMPLE COUPON

WHEN YOU SEND YOUR COUPONS, PASTE THEM ON A POST CARD OR ATTACH THEM TO THE HANDY ORDER BLANK ON THIS PAGE. BE SURE TO ORDER YOUR SET BY NUMBER AND BE SURE TO PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY. SEND TO:
**PICTURE SET DIVISION,
LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.
114 E. 32nd STREET,
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YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE CRAZY ABOUT THESE WONDERFUL PICTURES. EACH IS PRINTED ON HEAVY CARD-BOARD 2 1/2" X 3 1/2", IN HANDSOME FULL COLOR. ALL YOUR FRIENDS WILL ENVY YOU. TRADE DUPLICATE CARDS FOR FAVORITES. BUILD UP THE FIRST AND BEST COLLECTION!

EXTRA BONUS

WHEN YOU GET TWO COMPLETE SETS OF ALL THESE CARDS — 30 IN ALL — WE WILL GIVE YOU A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO ANY ONE OF THE ABOVE NAMED MAGAZINES. AT THE BOTTOM OF EACH CARD THERE IS A PERFORATED STRIP. JUST CUT THIS STRIP OFF AND MAIL THE STRIPS—ALL 30 OF THEM—TO US. ENCLOSE A LETTER TELLING US WHICH OF THESE LEV GLEASON COMICS YOU WANT AND REMEMBER TO SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. THAT'S ALL. WE'LL START YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH THE NEXT ISSUE.

ORDER BLANK

PICTURE SET DIVISION,
LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
114 E. 32nd Street,
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Friends:
Enclosed are _____ trading picture coupons cut from Lev Gleason Comics. Please send me the following sets of pictures (2 coupons entitle me to 1 set of 3 pictures):
Set No. 1 Set No. 2 Set No. 3
Set No. 4 Set No. 5

My name is _____ (Please print)

My address is _____ (Please print)

It's Great Fun to

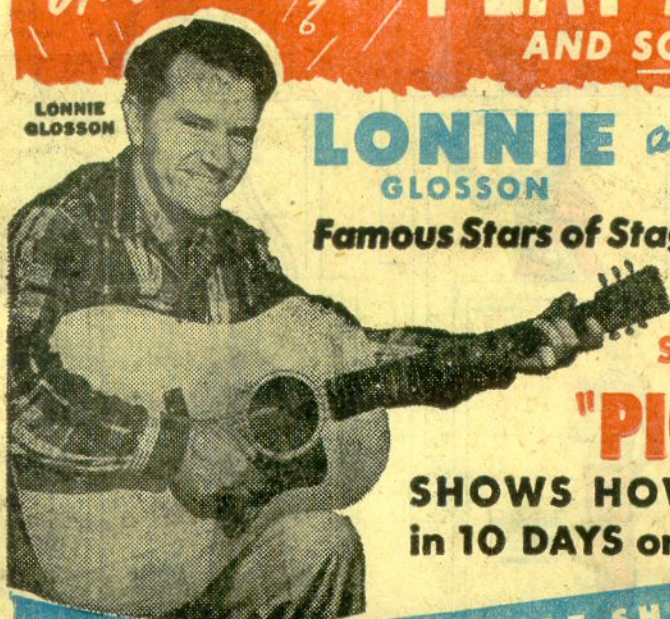
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What's more, we give you words and music for over 100 songs we've picked for their radio and stage popularity. Sing and play along with your favorite records, radio, television programs. DON'T DELAY! Start TODAY!

**PLAY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC IN 10 DAYS
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We're so sure that our "Picture Way" can show EVERYONE HOW TO PLAY the Guitar, that we're giving you this IRONCLAD GUARANTEE... if you are not playing beautiful music on your Guitar 10 days after you receive the Lonnie & Wayne Home Teaching Course, return the course to us and get your money back. Could anything be fairer?

**CAN YOU
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**WHY NOT
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**MAIL
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SEND NO MONEY!

Just send your name and address to **LONNIE & WAYNE**. Pay postman only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. (Or send \$1.69 with order and we pay postage.) Start playing beautiful chords the very first day. Be playing music in 10 days or your money back.
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**Lonnie and Wayne, Studio 136,
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Lonnie & Wayne's OWN Guitar Bargain

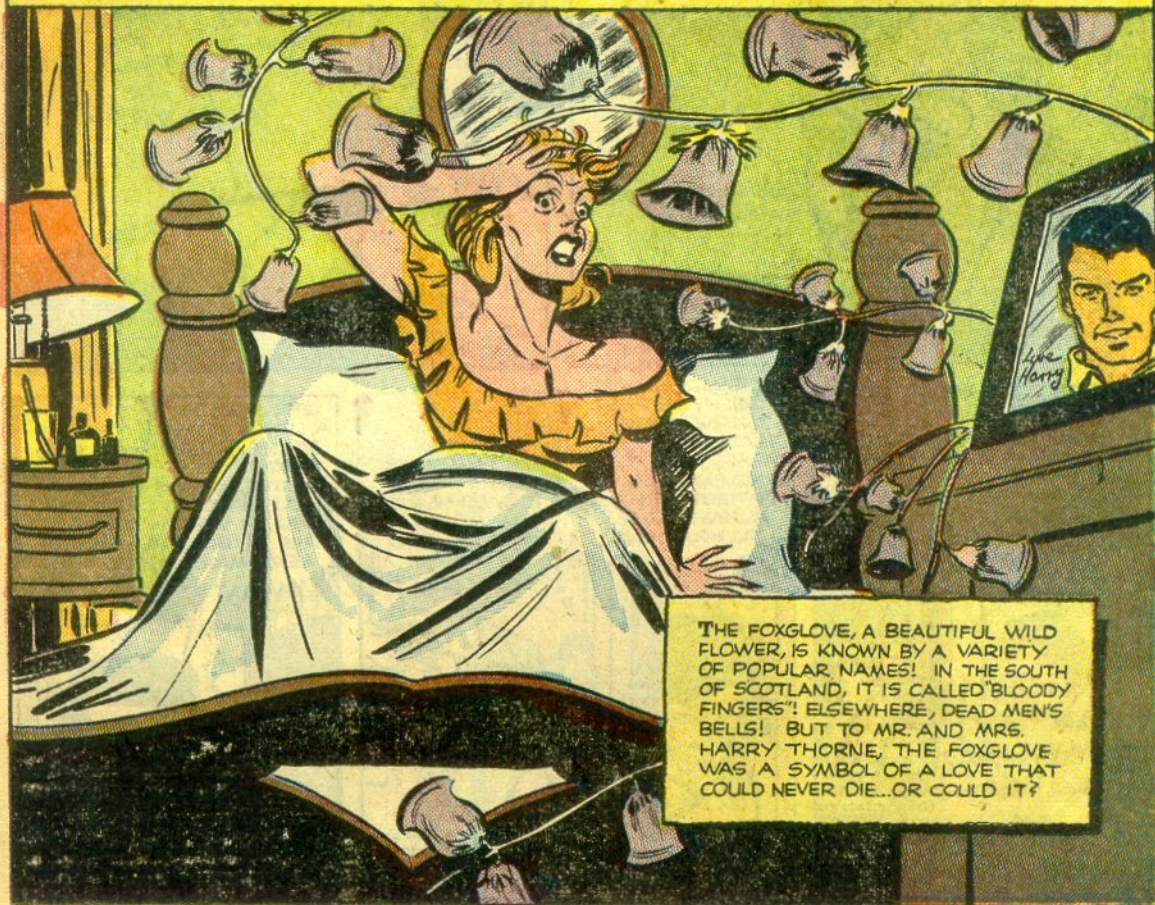
NOW you can own a Guitar that Lonnie & Wayne personally selected to offer to you as AMERICA'S BEST GUITAR Value. ONLY \$14.95 - Send \$1.00 Deposit - Pay balance on delivery. Write us today - Address **LONNIE & WAYNE, Studio 136, 1667 Milwaukee Avenue - CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS**

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



TO MOST PEOPLE FLOWERS ARE A SYMBOL OF LOVE, BUT TO HARRY THORNE THERE WAS ONE FLOWER IN PARTICULAR THAT BECAME A SYMBOL OF HATE LEADING TO MURDER, AND THAT FLOWER WAS...

THE FOXGLOVE



THE FOXGLOVE, A BEAUTIFUL WILD FLOWER, IS KNOWN BY A VARIETY OF POPULAR NAMES! IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND, IT IS CALLED "BLOODY FINGERS"; ELSEWHERE, "DEAD MEN'S BELLS"! BUT TO MR. AND MRS. HARRY THORNE, THE FOXGLOVE WAS A SYMBOL OF A LOVE THAT COULD NEVER DIE...OR COULD IT?

ONE AFTERNOON, IN A NEW ENGLAND HIGH SCHOOL...



JOHNNY, TAKE THIS NOTE TO MR. THORNE, THE CHEMISTRY TEACHER!

SHOULD I WAIT FOR AN ANSWER?

THERE'LL BE NO ANSWER!



ALL RIGHT, CLASS, TURN TO ACT II OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"!

A NOTE FOR YOU, MR. THORNE...FROM MISS BRIGHAM! SHE SAID THERE'D BE NO ANSWER!

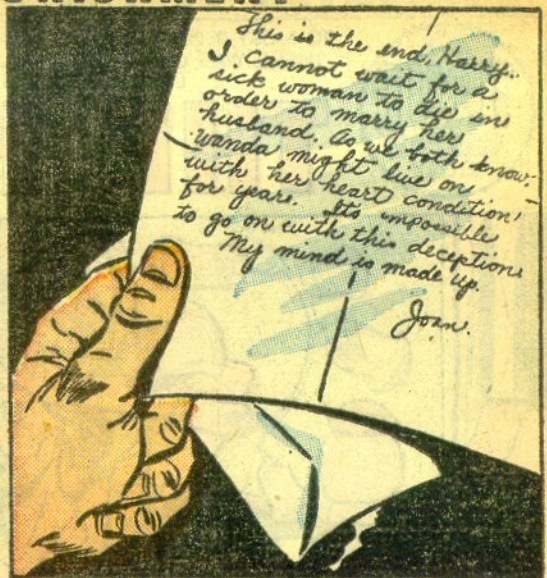


THANK YOU, SON!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



JOAN'S ANSWER TO MY INVITATION TO MEET ME AT PROFESSOR COONAN'S HOUSE TONIGHT FOR BRIDGE! I HOPE SHE'LL GO! SHE'S BEEN ACTING PECULIAR LATELY! VERY DISTANT AND COOL!



This is the end, Harry... I cannot wait for a sick woman to die in order to marry her husband. As we both know, Wanda might live on with her heart condition for years. It's impossible to go on with this deception! My mind is made up.
Joan.



SHE'S RIGHT! WANDA MIGHT BE BEDRIDDEN FOR YEARS! HOW CAN I EXPECT JOAN TO WAIT SO LONG TO SEE ME ONLY ON THE SNEAK?

MR. THORNE, WILL YOU HELP ME WITH THIS DISTILLATION EQUIPMENT?



GOSH, ISN'T MR. THORNE A SWELL TEACHER? HE MAKES EVERYTHING SO CLEAR! HE'S SO PATIENT WITH YOU! ALWAYS TRIES TO HELP YOU!

I'LL CALL DOC EDWARDS! HE SAW WANDA THIS MORNING! MAYBE DOC HAS NEWS FOR ME! HEAVEN HELP ME, BUT I HOPE IT'S BAD NEWS!

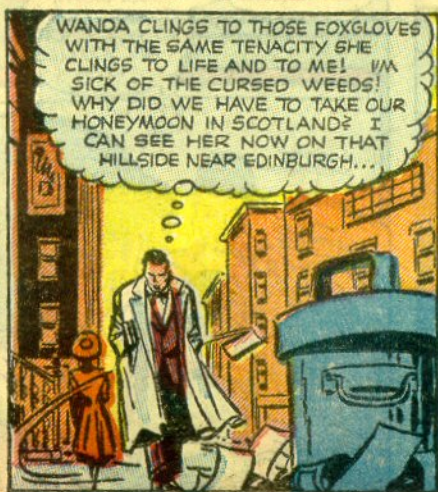


SHE LOOKED A LITTLE BETTER TO ME, HARRY! WHAT'S THE MATTER, HARRY? YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD! THIS IS GOOD NEWS, MAN!

OH, YES-- YES, OF COURSE, DOC! GREAT NEWS! GREAT! I WAS JUST A LITTLE SURPRISED!



THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE! YOU'VE BEEN LIVING WITH A SICK WOMAN FOR MOST OF YOUR MARRIED LIFE! FEW MEN WOULD HAVE YOUR PATIENCE, HARRY! BY THE WAY, WANDA TOLD ME TO REMIND YOU TO BRING HOME SOME FOXGLOVES! DOESN'T THAT GIRL LIKE ANY OTHER FLOWER?



WANDA CLINGS TO THOSE FOXGLOVES WITH THE GAME TENACITY SHE CLINGS TO LIFE AND TO ME! I'M SICK OF THE CURSED WEEDS! WHY DID WE HAVE TO TAKE OUR HONEYMOON IN SCOTLAND? I CAN SEE HER NOW ON THAT HILLSIDE NEAR EDINBURGH...



AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL, HARRY? THEY GROW WILD ALL OVER THE BRITISH ISLES! I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THEM, HARRY, BECAUSE OF US!

YOU'RE A REMARKABLE GIRL, WANDA! MERE WILD FLOWERS MAKE YOU HAPPY! I WISH I WERE AS EASILY PLEASED!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST A STUFFY OLD CHEMISTRY TEACHER! SCIENCE HAS RUINED YOU, DARLING! YOU'RE SO EXACT, SO PRACTICAL, SO CALCULATING! WHY EVER DID YOU MARRY A SENTIMENTAL, FRIVOLOUS GIRL LIKE ME?

FOR YOUR MONEY, MY DEAR! WHAT ELSE?

SHE THOUGHT I WAS JOKING, BUT I WASN'T! I EARNED PRECIOUS LITTLE AS A TEACHER—AND HER MONEY BROUGHT CERTAIN COMFORTS, LIKE TRAVEL, A NICE HOME, A CAR! BUT THEN HER ILLNESS BEGAN TO EAT UP THE COMFORTS...

YOU DID MANAGE TO FIND FOXGLOVES, HARRY! WHERE, DARLING?

AT THE FLORISTS! THEY SHIP IT IN FROM CANADA! WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DOC?

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, HARRY! COME SEE ME TO THE DOOR!

THE SHREWED OLD FOOL—HE DIDN'T WANT WANDA TO HEAR THE BAD NEWS, THAT SHE HAD A CHRONIC HEART AILMENT AND MUST BE KEPT INACTIVE FOR MANY YEARS, PERHAPS FOREVER...

SINCE SHE CAN'T DO ANY WORK, THAT MEANS AT LEAST ONE PERMANENT SERVANT! BUT IT WON'T BE ANY PROBLEM, SINCE YOU HAVE THE MEANS!

THAT'S RIGHT, DOC! WANDA HAS SOME MONEY!

BUT HER MONEY WENT, BIT BY BIT, WITH NO END OF THE DRAIN IN PROSPECT...

I KNOW YOU CHERISH THEM, WANDA, BUT I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT THESE FOXGLOVES ARE NO NEGLIGIBLE ITEM ON THE BUDGET!

I REALIZE THAT, DARLING, BUT THEY'RE NOT JUST FLOWERS TO ME! THEY'RE A LIFE I ONCE HAD AND LOST! I SEE OUR HONEYMOON AGAIN... AND SCOTLAND... THOSE HAPPY DAYS...

SENTIMENTAL IDIOT! SHE TRAPPED ME GOOD! NOW SHE'S RECAPTURE THE PAST ON MY SALARY! SHE'LL PAUPERIZE ME WITH HER FOXGLOVES!

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. THORNE! YOUR FOXGLOVES ARE READY AND WAITING!

WHY SHOULD I BE TIED TO HER? I DON'T LOVE HER! I NEVER DID! THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT OF THIS TRAP! HMMM... HERE COMES THAT OLD WITCH, MRS. BAKER!

OH, MR. THORNE! MR. THORNE!

I WAS TALKING WITH MRS. THORNE THIS MORNING AND I TOLD HER WHAT SHE NEEDED WAS GOOD OLD-FASHIONED SASSAFRAS TEA! NOTHING LIKE OLD HERB TREATMENTS TO...

THANK YOU, MRS. BAKER! YOUR SASSAFRAS TEA WILL DO THE TRICK, I'M SURE!

STUPID OLD HAG! EXPECTING OLD-FASHIONED REMEDIES TO DO WHAT MODERN SCIENCE CAN'T!

OH, THEY'RE LOVELY, HARRY! I CAN JUST SEE THEM GROWING BY THE ROADSIDE IN WALES AND SCOT... DARLING, ARE YOU LISTENING?

JUAN WOULD MARRY ME IF WANDA WERE OUT OF THE WAY!

YES, DEAR! BY THE WAY, MRS. BAKER GAVE ME SOME SASSAFRAS TEA!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



OH, YES! SHE SAID THAT SASSAFRAS TEA WOULD IMPROVE MY DIGESTION! BE A DARLING, HARRY, AND BREW ME SOME TEA WHILE YOU PUT THESE FOXGLOVES IN WATER!

OF COURSE, MY DEAR!

INSTEAD OF PLAYING NURSE TO A PERMANENT INVALID, I COULD BE ENJOYING LIFE WITH JOAN! BUT THERE'S NO WAY OUT... NO WAY AT ALL!



HELPING HER DIGESTION, INDEED! HELP HER GO ON LIVING TO BLIGHT MY LIFE... KEEP ME FROM THE ONE WOMAN I EVER CARED FOR! SASSAFRAS TEA! OLD-FASHIONED HERB MEDICINES! WHAT ROT! WHAT... GASP!;



FOXGLOVES! FOXGLOVES! SASSAFRAS TEA!



DEAR MRS. BAKER! SHE IS A HELPFUL SOUL, AFTER ALL! SHE'S RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE OLD-FASHIONED REMEDIES!



SASSAFRAS TEA COMING UP, DEAR!

WHY, HARRY! I DO BELIEVE YOU'RE SMILING!

WHAT CURIOUS TASTING TEA! BUT I JUST KNOW IT WILL DO ME GOOD!

WHY SHOULDN'T I SMILE? DOC GAVE ME GOOD NEWS! HE SAID YOU'RE GETTING BETTER!

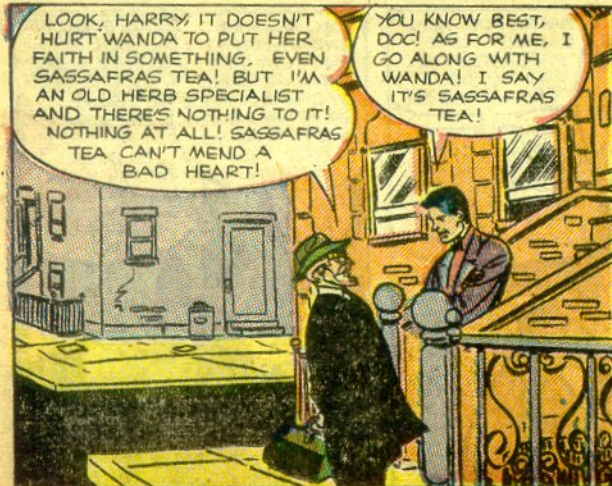


A FEW WEEKS LATER...

MY DEAR, YOUR HEART SHOWS REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT! YOUR PULSE IS REGULAR AND STRONG!

CREDIT MRS. BAKER'S SASSAFRAS TEA FOR THAT! HA! HA!

I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH WANDA, DOC! SASSAFRAS TEA HAS MADE A NEW WOMAN OF HER!



LOOK, HARRY IT DOESN'T HURT WANDA TO PUT HER FAITH IN SOMETHING, EVEN SASSAFRAS TEA! BUT I'M AN OLD HERB SPECIALIST AND THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! NOTHING AT ALL! SASSAFRAS TEA CAN'T MEND A BAD HEART!

YOU KNOW BEST, DOC! AS FOR ME, I GO ALONG WITH WANDA! I SAY IT'S SASSAFRAS TEA!



AND AS A FEW MORE WEEKS PASS...

DOC SAYS MY HEART SOUNDS BETTER THAN EVER!

KEEP DRINKING, DEAR!

MAYBE SOME DAY WE CAN GO TO SCOTLAND AGAIN AND SEE THE FOXGLOVES GROWING WILD!

LUCKY FOR ME THAT SHE DOESN'T REALIZE THE FULL POWER OF THE FOXGLOVES!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THEN ONE MORNING A WEEK LATER, MR. THORNE WAS CALLED INTO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE TO ANSWER A PHONE CALL...

HARRY? THIS IS DOC EDWARDS! BRACE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK! WANDA'S DEAD! YES, A HEART ATTACK! SHE WENT VERY QUICKLY! I WARNED YOU THAT HER TEMPORARY RECOVERY MEANT NOTHING! IT WAS INEVITABLE HARRY!

POOR WANDA... :GULP!: DEAD!

DOC, SHE MUST BE BURIED WITH A SPRIG OF FOXGLOVES INSIDE HER COFFIN! IT'S SO RIGHT, SO APPROPRIATE!

I UNDERSTAND, HARRY! I KNOW WHAT THE FOXGLOVES MEANT TO WANDA - A REMINDER OF HER HAPPY YEARS WITH YOU - BEFORE ILLNESS BLIGHTED EVERYTHING!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE CEMETERY...

NOW YOU ARE FREE, HARRY!

YES, JOAN, I'M FREE NOW!

POOR HARRY! HE LOOKS BAD! I'D BETTER DROP IN ON HIM TONIGHT! THE SHOCK OF HER DEATH COULD HAVE HURT HIM TOO!

THAT NIGHT...

HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? HARRY THROWING OUT THE FOXGLOVES SO QUICKLY? ONE WOULD THINK HE'D WANT THEM AROUND A LITTLE LONGER TO REMEMBER HER BY!

MD 234

THE FOXGLOVES SHE LOVED IN THE ASH CAN THE DAY OF HER FUNERAL! :GASP!: THE LEAVES! THE LEAVES! THESE FOXGLOVES HAVE BEEN CUT OFF!

BUT WHY MUST I TAKE A SEDATIVE? I FEEL OKAY, DOC!

I KNOW BETTER HARRY! NOW GIVE ME YOUR ARM AND NO MORE QUESTIONS!

NOW I CAN SEARCH THE HOUSE!

I FEEL SO SLEEPY... SO...ZZZZ!

TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE CITY JAIL...

I-I--:GASP!: BARS! I'M IN PRISON!! WHY? W..WHAT?

SASSAFRAS TEA, HARRY, BUT WITH AN ADDED INGREDIENT! THE TEA YOU BREWED FOR WANDA ALSO INCLUDED LEAVES OF THE FOXGLOVE FLOWERS! AS A CHEMIST, YOU KNEW THAT DIGITALIS, THE HEART STIMULANT, IS EXTRACTED FROM THE FOXGLOVE LEAF, AND YOU SERVED WANDA ENOUGH DIGITALIS TO KILL HER!

AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

THE CASE IS OPEN AND SHUT! THE MEDICAL EXAMINER HAS SEEN TO THAT! THE FIRST DOSES YOU GAVE YOUR WIFE PEPPED HER UP, BUT THE ACCUMULATION KILLED HER! YOU'RE GOING TO BURN FOR THIS, THORNE!

BEFORE I GO, HARRY, HERE'S A LITTLE REMINDER OF HAPPIER DAYS!

AYE, THE FOXGLOVE'S KNOWN BY MANY NAMES - FOR MRS. THORNE, IT WAS FAIRY'S GLOVE BUT FOR THORNE, IT WAS DEAD MEN'S BELLS!

THE END

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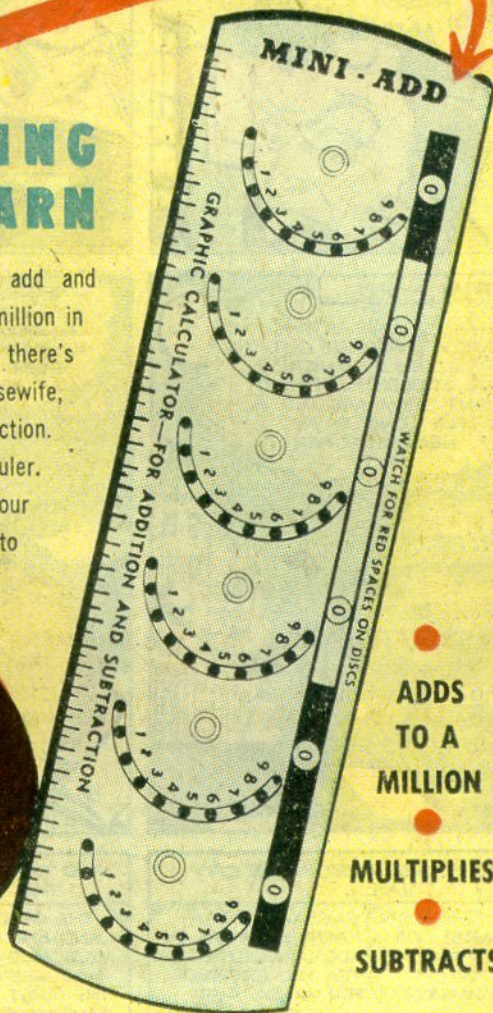
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Sheriff Lang Was the Only One Who Refused to Believe the Evidence of Twenty Eyewitnesses When Murder Came to Twin Cities and Harold Spain Was...

CAUGHT RED-HANDED!



SHERIFF ELTON LANG was re-elected without an opposition candidate in the last election. Nobody wanted to run against him. It was Corcoran County's way of telling him he had done a good job, and it all dated back to the Buck Heiser murder.

Buck Heiser had been a racketeer during prohibition days, but the people of Twin Cities didn't know that. To them he was just a man who lived at the Corbett Hotel. His voice was rough and husky, and he sometimes had tough-looking visitors for a day or two, but he never did anything out of line so far as anybody knew.

Afterward, some of the witnesses remembered seeing the black limousine roll up to the hotel in the early evening. They remembered the sound of shots, and saw the car roll away. But that was forgotten in the excitement. Right then things happened so fast that everybody's attention was fastened on the street in front of the hotel.

Buck Heiser had come running downstairs and out the door yelling at the top of his lungs: "HELP! POLICE! MURDER!"

He must have been about twenty feet

from the front steps when he fell at the sound of three staccato explosions. They were heavy calibre shots and people scrambled madly for doorways. The black limousine rolled quietly away. But one young fellow followed Heiser out of the hotel, grabbed up the smoking gun that was lying in the street and stood beside Heiser's body with it in his hand, yelling for the police!

That was the scene everybody remembered when they peered from their doorways and hiding places. The sheriff arrived within a few minutes. He took the gun from the young fellow, carefully, in a handkerchief, then snapped handcuffs on his wrists. It looked like an open and shut case. The suspect didn't have a chance.

Twenty or more witnesses had seen the young fellow, Harold Spain, of Blair Township, standing over the body with the smoking revolver in his hand. The gun had been fired three times, and the bullets matched those in the corpse. And it was the only case on local police records where there were actually clear fingerprints on the gun

(Turn page for continuation of story)

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If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS—NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious NEW happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in PRAYER or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole NEW world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY—we invite you to send your name and address with 10c (coin or stamps) so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU!

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STAMP PAGE

by **SIDNEY M. ELIAS**

Floating Safes

ONE of the most interesting types of stamps ever to be placed on sale were released by the Netherlands (Holland) in 1921. These were called marine insurance stamps and were issued for the purpose of safeguarding mail on the high seas.

Prior to 1921, letters or parcels sent by registered mail from the Netherlands abroad, did not insure the mail against loss if the ship met with a disaster. To meet the need of protection against such losses, a special device was invented and special insurance stamps issued for it.

The device consisted of a large ball shaped bouy in which was constructed an insulated and waterproof safe. It was so constructed that it would float upright if thrown into the sea and would ignite slow burning flares attached to it.

These safes were placed on all ships whether freight or passenger and a special crewman put on duty to be ready to set it free if the ship met disaster. The safes were placed on the upper decks of the forward part of the ships so that they could easily be cut loose and thrown overboard.

This service was later abandoned because of the high cost of the insurance. People soon discovered that sea losses were very small in comparison to the volume of mail carried and they did not consider the extra insurance necessary.

The seven stamps of the marine insurance set had three designs depending on the different values. The first design depicted a floating safe in mid-ocean surrounded by sea gulls. This design was used on the first three values. The second design showed a floating safe with its flares lit, and was used on the next two values. The third design was an artist's fantasy of a floating safe and was placed on the two highest values of the set.

The same designs were used on the seven marine insurance stamps of the Dutch East Indies.



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KENMORE, Richford N-75 Vermont

barrel! It was impossible for Spain to claim an alibi. He was there!

But Harold Spain protested bitterly against arrest. He asserted his innocence, claimed that he didn't even own a gun. He swore he had simply followed the gunmen out of the hotel and picked up the weapon as he yelled for help while they got into a black limousine and drove away!

The newspapers were skeptical. So were the townspeople. It was too silly. Public demand was for quick and summary justice. But Sheriff Lang listened to what his prisoner had to say, and started questioning eyewitnesses as to what they had actually seen. It was slow work, but Lang began, gradually, to line up a number of witnesses who had seen the limousine at the curb, though in the excitement of the shooting they had almost forgotten it. One man said he remembered seeing a couple of figures running toward it just before it moved away. But at that moment everybody in sight had been running, so he paid no particular attention!

It became fairly obvious to Lang that young Spain might be telling the truth, but the district attorney, confident that he had an airtight case, brushed the sheriff off. The day the case went to trial, Sheriff Lang boarded a train for Metropolis. He said nothing to anybody about his trip. If he was wrong, there was no point in mentioning it.

Before noon he was in conference with the head of the rackets squad in Metropolitan Police Headquarters. As he drew out a picture of Buck Heiser, the rackets chief whistled.

"So that's what happened to Heiser! Just settled down as a country squire, eh? Well, Lang, maybe that tells us something. But how it can clear the man on trial I don't know. Obviously it was a gang killing." He pressed a buzzer and a uniformed officer came in.

"Yes, Captain?"

"Get me the latest reports on Buck Heiser. And anything touching on him or his former gang."

Sheriff Lang was still worried as he boarded a train for Twin Cities, but he had done his best. He got back to his office late and worked until midnight putting his information in order. Next morning he appeared at the courthouse early and spoke to the defendant and his lawyer for fifteen

minutes before the trial session convened. The D. A. looked a bit surprised at the conference, but he was so sure of his case, that he let it pass without inquiring into its purpose.

When the defense opened Harold Spain told his story frankly, then spent an uncomfortable two hours while the D. A. ridiculed his claims and tried to make him admit that he was lying. But he stuck to his story and the prosecutor finally gave up.

Much to the surprise of the court, Sheriff Lang followed the defendant on the stand. Lang told of his investigation of the witnesses, and gave their names. He told how he had become convinced that there was a black limousine and that this was probably a gang killing. Then he described his discussion with Captain Simpson of the Metropolitan Rackets Squad, and read a statement to the effect that the information of the police indicated that Heiser, a former gang leader, has been murdered for refusing to transfer certain illegal funds to another group. Finally the sheriff sprang the bombshell the prosecutor had refused to discuss. He had made the powder test on Harold Spain and there had been no indication that he had fired a gun within twenty-four hours!

The courtroom buzzed. The prosecutor went after the sheriff venomously. He sneered at the "amateur Sherlock Holmes" and implied that Lang had tried to impede justice. But the damage had been done. The witnesses who followed corroborated the sheriff's statements about the car.

The case collapsed. Harold Spain went home to his father's farm in Blair Township, and people went about their routine work again. But they didn't forget how Lang had worked to save a man he believed to be innocent; and when, about four months later, a letter from the Metropolitan police told him they had a confession from a hood who had been convicted of another killing, Lang sent it to the papers and it was played up on page one.

That ended the case as far as the sheriff's office was concerned, but the people of Corcoran County hadn't forgotten. Nor had they forgotten the tongue-lashing Lang had received from the D. A. Word traveled from mouth to mouth, and Lang was named by both parties. No opposition candidate appeared and his re-election was unanimous; but there is a new district attorney in Corcoran County, and he works in close harmony with the sheriff!

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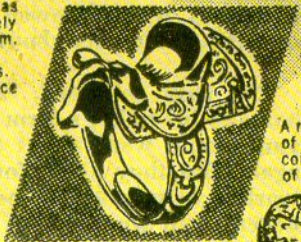
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EXECUTION CHAMBER

ROBERT Q. SALE

IT HAPPENED ON THE 9TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1928! WARDEN JACOB MOFFET WOULD NEVER FORGET THE DATE! HE WAS LEADING CONVICTED MURDERER, ROY COWAN, UNDER HEAVY GUARD, TO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER! COWAN ALWAYS HAD BOASTED THAT HE WASN'T AFRAID TO DIE, THAT HIS OWN LIFE MEANT NO MORE TO HIM THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER MAN! YET, SUDDENLY, HE BLEW HIS TOP AND WANTED OUT! THE PROSPECT OF A NAMELESS GRAVE HAD AT LAST STRUCK FEAR TO THIS KILLER'S HEART, AND ALL THE VICIOUSNESS OF HIS NATURE EXPLODED IN A FINAL SUPREME EFFORT AT SELF-PRESERVATION! BUT COWAN WOULD LIVE... A HUNTED ANIMAL IN A JUNGLE OF FORGOTTEN MEN... AND COWAN WOULD KILL AGAIN!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, MCGRAW! YOU MIGHT HIT ONE OF US!

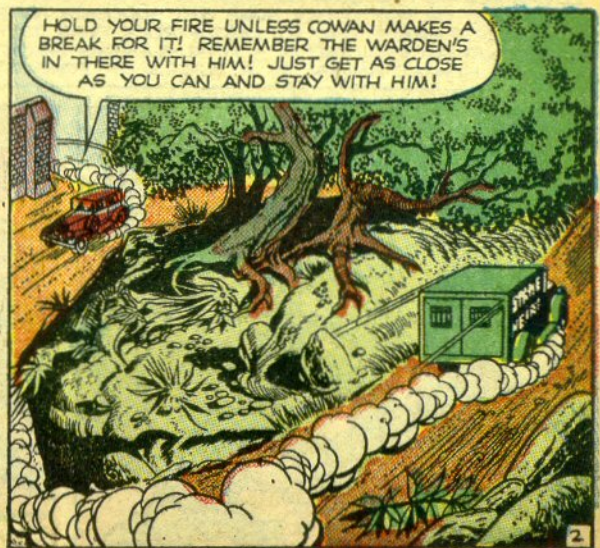
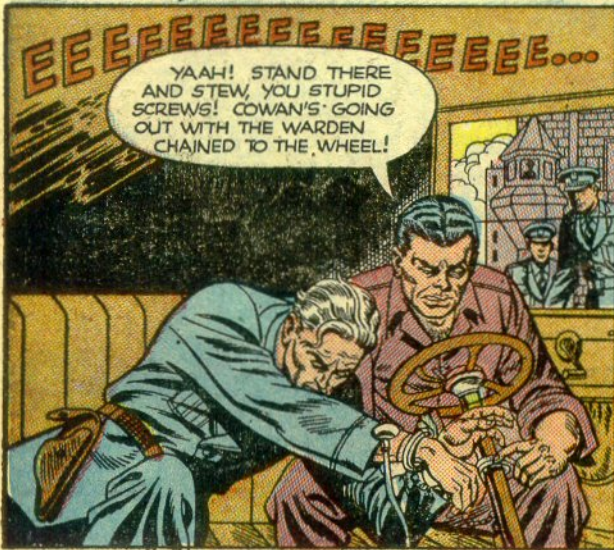
BANG!
BANG!



LET ME GO... YOU DIRTY MURDERING SWINE!

BANG!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

WHAT GOOD IS ALL THIS, COWAN? YOU'LL BE CAUGHT SOONER OR LATER! MEAN- WHILE YOU'LL SPEND YOUR TIME RUNNING AND DUCKING INTO SHADOWS!

I JUST CAME FROM A SHADOW, MOFFET! AFTER THAT ONE, NOTHING CAN SCARE ME! WHAT ARE YOU ASKING ME TO DO, GIVE UP?



YOU'LL BE CAUGHT... AND IT'LL GO HARD WITH YOU!

YEAH? AND WHAT'LL YOU DO, SEND ME TO THE CHAIR? THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN, WARDEN!



...AND HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF!



REASON WITH A MADMAN! WHY, HE WOULDN'T GIVE... UGH-H-H-H!



THEY'VE CRASHED UP THERE! HEAVEN HELP MOFFET!



CRACK!

WHATEVER YOU DO, G...GET THAT DEVIL! OOH...MY ARM!...THINK IT'S BROKEN...

EASY, WARDEN! WE'LL GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!



NO LUCK! THE COWAN HOPPED A FREIGHT!

GO TO THE NEAREST PHONE AND ALERT THE AUTHORITIES ALL ALONG THE RIGHT-OF-WAY! I'LL RETURN TO THE PRISON AND SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM!...I'VE NEVER MET A MORE BRUTAL, CYNICAL, DANGEROUS MAN THAN COWAN! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



ARM ACHE! THAT SCREW--THE GUARD-- I'LL SEE HIM AGAIN SOME DAY-- BUST THAT RIFLE OVER HIS SKULL!



WHAT Y'WANT, HERE, CUL?

HUH? WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE...



YOU'LL GET USED TO THE DARK... BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE TO ANSWER! WHAT D'YOU WANT? WHO ARE YOU?

I'LL TELL YOU, PUFF! HE'S A CON! HIS NUMBERS 122517! HE'S ON THE LAM!



SURE, I'M ON THE LAM! SO WHAT? YOU GOIN' TO THROW ME OFF?

SO WE DON'T LIKE ANYBODY BRINGING COPS DOWN ON US! WE TAKE A VOTE! IF WE DECIDE YOU GO, YOU GO!



YOU DON'T NEED NO VOTE! COME ON, AND MAKE ME GET OFF!

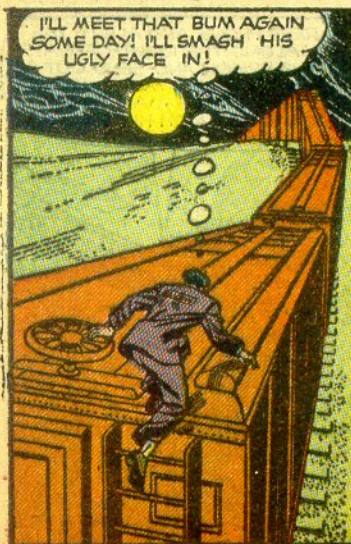
THERE'S MAYBE FIFTEEN OF US HERE! WE GOT KNIVES AND RAZOR BLAZES, SOME OF US! OUR EYES ARE USED TO THE DARK... YOURS AIN'T! WHAT DO YOU SAY, GUYS? DOES 122517 STAY OR GO?

HE GOES! TELL HIM TO BLOW, PUFF!



YOU'RE PICKING ON THE WRONG CUSTOMER, PUFF! I WON'T FORGET THAT NAME...

YOU HEARD WHAT THE JURY SAID, CON--BLOW!



I'LL MEET THAT BUM AGAIN SOME DAY! I'LL SMASH HIS UGLY FACE IN!



ROY COWAN MADE HIS WAY OVER SEVERAL CARS TO THE REAR, SWUNG DOWN INTO ONE WITH AN OPEN DOOR...



YOU ASK ME WHAT I'M DOING HERE AND I'LL WRING YOUR NECK! WHO'S IN HERE WITH YOU?

NOBODY, MISTER! PLENTY OF ROOM!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE SOMEBODY! IT'S TOUGH, RIDING ALONE! THE OTHERS WOULDN'T LET ME COME IN WITH THEM! HA! HA! IT'S FUNNY! HOBOS ARE VERY EXCLUSIVE-PARTICULAR WITH WHOM THEY ASSOCIATE!

OH! I SEE YOU'RE THE KIND OF COMPANY THEY WOULDN'T WANT EITHER! TOO WELL EDUCATED, I GUESS! I WENT TO COLLEGE, MYSELF - THE REAL KIND! IT WAS STILL LIKE BEING BEHIND BARS! MY FATHER WANTED ME TO BE A LAWYER! I WANTED TO TRAVEL! HE WOULDN'T FINANCE ME, SO I FLEW THE COOP! WELL, I'M TRAVELING! HA! HA!

GUESS I'M PRETTY GABBY! MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK! THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I DON'T - OOPS! WONDER WHY THEY'RE STOPPING THE TRAIN!

COPS! RAILROAD DICKS!

I SHOULD'VE FIGURED 'EM TO WIRE AHEAD!

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOU FRIEND! BETTER START RUNNING!

RUN! YIPES! MY ANKLE FEELS LIKE IT'S BUSTED!

THERE HE IS! WATCH WHERE YOU ARE! HE'S ARMED! TOSS THAT GUN IN THE DITCH!

STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

GO ON, BEAT IT, CHUM! I'LL GIVE YOU SOME REAR-GUARD HELP!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

UNGH!

LET GO!

YOU LITTLE RAT!

OH, IT'S YOU! GO FIND YOUR OWN TREE TO HIDE IN!

BETTER LET ME GIVE YOU A BOOST UP THERE! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

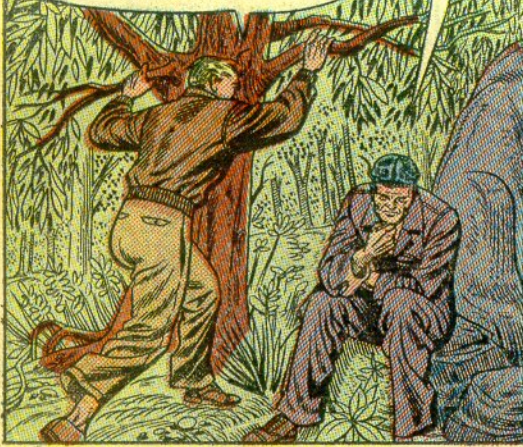
THEY'VE GONE BACK! WE CAN GET DOWN NOW!

GO EASY ON THAT "WE" STUFF! I DON'T LIKE COMPANY! I TRAVEL ALONE!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

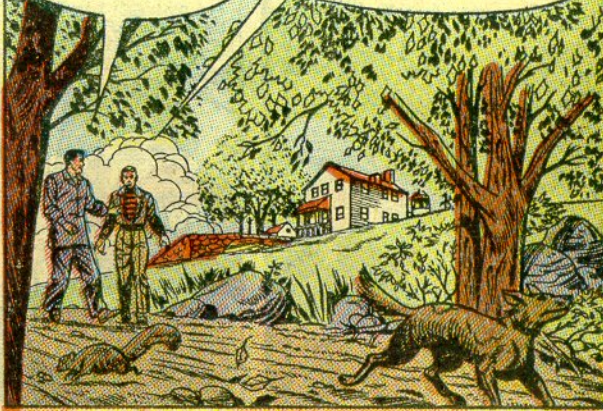
I DON'T WANT TO PUSH MYSELF ON YOU! I'M JUST LONELY! IT'S A ROTTEN FEELING, KNOWING YOU'RE ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD! USED TO THINK I'D LIKE IT!

I LIKE IT!



YOU JUMPED THOSE COPS BACK THERE! YOU KNEW THEY WERE AFTER ME... YOU KNOW I'M AN ESCAPED CON! WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?

AH, WE NEVER GET AWAY FROM THAT, DO WE? EVERYBODY'S GOT AN ANGLE! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE YOU TAKE A LIKING TO THE FIRST TIME YOU MEET 'EM? WELL, I LIKE YOU...



GET THIS STRAIGHT! I'D CUT YOUR THROAT FOR A BUCK! I NEVER MET A MAN I COULD TRUST! I DON'T TRUST YOU! I DON'T WANT YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE TAGGING AFTER ME!

YOU HAVE A GUN! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT ME? YOU WON'T, BECAUSE IN ONE WAY YOU'RE LIKE ME! YOU'VE A GRUDGE AGAINST THE WORLD, AND YOU WANT SOMEBODY TO TELL IT TO! I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO TRUST ME... BUT YOU WILL SOMETIME!



ROY COWAN SAID NO MORE, BUT HE CONTINUED TO REGARD BUD DAY WITH THE SAME SUSPICION IN WHICH HE HELD ALL MEN! HE JUDGED THE YOUNGSTER AS HE EXPECTED EVERYBODY TO JUDGE HIM—RUTHLESSLY AND WITHOUT COMPASSION! BUT BUD WAS RIGHT! IT FELT GOOD TO HAVE SOMEONE! THEY'D STUCK TOGETHER FOR THREE DAYS NOW! AND BUD WAS VALUABLE IN ANOTHER WAY—HE COULD SCROUNGE FOR FOOD, WHILE COWAN COULDN'T RISK BEING SEEN...

I HIT THE JACK POT THIS TIME, ROY! GUESS I WASN'T VERY GRATEFUL! A LADY GAVE ME PLENTY OF GRUB... MY TENDER AGE MUST HAVE SOFTENED HER UP! HAD TO LISTEN TO A LOT OF GAB ABOUT HER OWN BOY! ALSO, SHE HAS A HECK OF A BIG HUSBAND, AND SOME OF HIS WORK DUDS WERE ON THE CLOTHESLINE! HERE!



A BIT TIGHT, BUT NOT A BAD FIT OTHERWISE! WE'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE "PA" COMES LOOKING FOR US WITH A SHOTGUN!



COWAN AND HIS COMPANION PLODDED THE BYWAYS, AND AFTER SEVERAL MORE DAYS WERE MANY DEVIUS MILES FROM THEIR STARTING POINT! THE POLICE OF THE ENTIRE NATION WOULD BE LOOKING FOR ROY COWAN NOW, SO THEY STUCK TO RURAL AREAS, AND WHEREVER POSSIBLE, TO WOODLAND PATHS! THEN, ONE DAY...



WELL...?

WE'RE HUNGRY, BO!

I KNOW THAT GUY! WE TOSSED HIM OFF A FREIGHT! COPS WANT HIM! GET HIM OUT OF HERE! HE WON'T BRING US NOTHIN'! BUT TROUBLE!

PUFF, AGAIN... LISTEN, YOU BOSS, SURE, I WAS IN FOR A SHORT LARCENY RAP AND I MADE A BREAK! I'M A SMALL FISH! THE COPS AIN'T COMIN' ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE TO LOOK FOR ME! ALL I WANT IS SOME GRUB, AN' THEN I'LL LEAVE WHENEVER YOU SAY!



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

LARCENY RAP, HUH? HE'S A COCKEYED LIAR—LIKE THAT LIPPY KID WITH HIM, BUD DAY THE "COLLEGE BOY"! LAST WEEK THE KID TOLD ME HIMSELF HE WENT TO REFORM SCHOOL AT FIFTEEN, STAYED THERE FOUR YEARS, AND HAS BEEN BUMMIN' EVER SINCE!

ALL THAT WANTS THE GUY TO STAY, SAY SO!

LET 'EM STAY! LET 'EM FEED!

I FEEL A LOT BETTER NOW, ROY! HOW ABOUT YOU? THEY WON'T LET US STAY AFTER WE'VE FINISHED! JUST THE SAME, I'M GRATEFUL EVEN FOR THE MULLIGAN STEW!

I'M STICKING TILL THEY TELL ME TO GET OUT, BUT, BEFORE I GO, THERE'S ONE BO I WANT TO MAKE SURE DOESN'T GET IN MY HAIR AGAIN— THAT SOUR-FACED PUFF...

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY PUFF'S EDGING OUT OF HERE! GO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, KID! SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

HE DON'T LOOK LIKE HE'S UP TO ANY GOOD!

I'LL MOVE A LITTLE DEEPER IN THE WOODS! WHEN YOU COME BACK, FOLLOW THIS TREE, IN A LINE FROM WHERE YOU'RE STANDING! I'LL WATCH FOR YOU!

OKAY! I'LL GET ON HIS TAIL AND REPORT BACK!

IT WAS MID-AFTERNOON BEFORE PUFF REACHED HIS DESTINATION SOME SIX MILES FROM THE HOBO JUNGLE AND BUD DAY WAS RIGHT THERE BEHIND HIM...

I MIGHT'VE GUESSED HE'D FIND SOMETHING OF INTEREST IN A UNITED STATES POST OFFICE!

PUFF MUST'VE SEEN WHAT HE WANTED IN THERE! I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHAT IT IS, TOO, BUT I'D BETTER CHECK!

TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! WHAT D'YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT! PUFF IS A VERY AMBITIOUS TRAMP! WELL, IF I CAN REACH MY DEADLY FRIEND COWAN BEFORE PUFF GETS THE POLICE MAYBE I CAN PUT A CRIMP IN HIS PLAN!

WANTED FOR MURDER

\$2500 REWARD FOR INFORMATION TO THE ARREST OF ROY COWAN, CON. POLICE OR FBI.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

I DIDN'T ACTUALLY SEE PUFF GO FOR THE POLICE, BUT \$2,500 IS A LOT OF MOOLAH, AND YOU CAN REASON IT OUT FOR YOURSELF! I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT TO STICK AROUND THESE PARTS, ANYWAY!

I DON'T LIKE LEAVING WITHOUT GETTING THAT SCUMMY RAT JUST ONCE MORE! ONLY HE WON'T COME ALONE! LET'S GO!

"LET'S GO!" THAT'S THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE ASKED ME TO COME ALONG WITH YOU, ROY!

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BUD!



"YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BUD!" —HIGH PRAISE FROM A MAN WHO NEVER GAVE ANY! SO THE LION AND THE LAMB FLED TOGETHER AND STRANGE THINGS WERE HAPPENING IN THE MOST DANGEROUS JUNGLE OF ALL — A MAN'S MIND! BUD BECAME LESS TALKATIVE, MORE THOUGHTFUL AS THEY TRAMPED THE WOODS AND RODE THE RAILS! AND A WEEK LATER THEY FOUND THEIR WAY INTO ANOTHER HOBO JUNGLE JUST AS THE BOS WERE BREAKING CAMP...

THERE'S PUFF NOW, BUD! CAN'T WE EVER SHAKE THAT GUY? WELL, I'M GOING TO GET HIM THIS TIME! I'LL STOP HIM FROM HAUNTING ME FOR GOOD! YOU RUN ALONG! NO USE GETTING INVOLVED IN IT!

WATCH HIM, ROY! HE'S TREACHEROUS!

I'LL FIND YOU LATER, ROY! I'M GOING TO SCROUNGE SOME FOOD AT THE NEAREST FARMHOUSE!

K...KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I...I NEVER...



I KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT FROM YOU, COWAN! YOU'RE A MURDERER, BUT I AIN'T GONNA LET YOU ADD ME TO YOUR LIST!

THEY DIDN'T SAY HOW THEY WANTED YOU COWAN, BUT THEY'RE GONNA GET YOU DEAD! I'M GONNA CUT YOU TO RIBBONS! I'LL STILL GET THAT TWO-AND-A-HALF G'S!

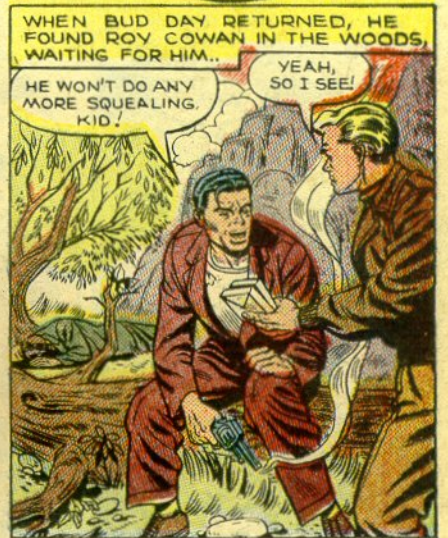
WUMP!

YOU SHOULD'VE HAD THAT GUN WITH YOU, COWAN! YOU'RE BIG, BUT YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR A FAST MAN WITH A KNIFE!

I STILL GOT THE GUN! I'M GOING TO SAVE THAT TILL LAST, PUFF!



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



For
Externally
Caused

PIMPLES

Try This New Cream Free



We Make No Claims
We Want You To Use TRI-SON-OL
To Help Relieve Discomforts of ITCH and IRRITATION
YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR NO COST!

This is without doubt the strangest advertisement you ever read. No one ever dared to make this offer . . . no one, as far as we know, ever asked the public to use their product without risking a single cent. We are not going to give you a lot of hocus-pocus. We are not making a lot of wild statements. We want you to try TRI-SON-OL and find out for yourself just what it does. We want you to learn, through use, how easily and safely TRI-SON-OL helps relieve discomforts of "itch" and "irritation." We have faith in TRI-SON-OL . . . the acid test—is for you to use it. Only then do you get real proof of the help you are seeking to help relieve skin irritations that are externally caused. You must admit you have everything to gain and nothing to lose because TRI-SON-OL is harmless and safe. All we ask is that you send for TRI-SON-OL so you can be the judge at our risk.

Why You Should Try TRI-SON-OL

TRI-SON-OL products contain ingredients recommended by leading dermatologists for their soothing bland effect on sensitive skin. TRI-SON-OL is a two-way formula. The skin cleanser is specially prepared to remove the accumulation of unwanted dust, dirt, and grime. These are gently and safely lifted off, revealing a more radiant, softer under-skin. Thus your skin has smoother surface. TRI-SON-OL skin cream applied after removing the cleanser often takes with it the accumulation of dead cells and lack lustre skin.



Our Guarantee

We guarantee you, and you alone are the sole judge, as to the value of TRI-SON-OL. Only if you are pleased do you pay us the introductory price of \$1.98. If dissatisfied, do not return anything . . . just ask for your money back and we will make full refund immediately with no questions asked.

Rush Coupon For Trial Offer

Send No Money!

We want everyone who suffers from discomforts due to externally caused pimples to use TRI-SON-OL without risking a single cent. All you have to do is sign your name and address to the coupon and drop it in the mail to us. We will send your TRI-SON-OL package (in plain wrapper) by return mail. Pay the postman only \$1.98, plus C.O.D. and postage charges. Use TRI-SON-OL 10 days and if you are not delighted, write and tell us so . . . return nothing . . . just write and we refund your money, including the postage charges. If you prefer to send \$2.00 now, you save the postage but enjoy the same money back guarantee.

THE TRI-SON-OL COMPANY, Dept. 308
505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

I accept your offer. Send TRI-SON-OL for me to try for 10 days. If I am not delighted I will write and ask for my money back, including the postage which you will refund at once.

- Send C.O.D. \$1.98 plus postage. } Check offer desired
 Enclosed find \$2.00 in full payment.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

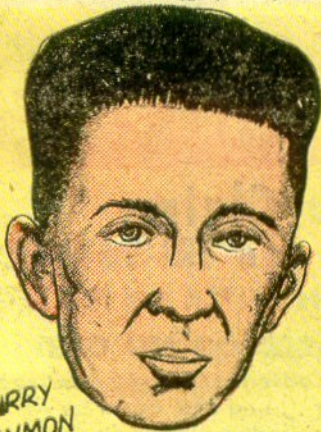
THE TRI-SON-OL COMPANY
505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

HOW THEY WERE

TRAPPED

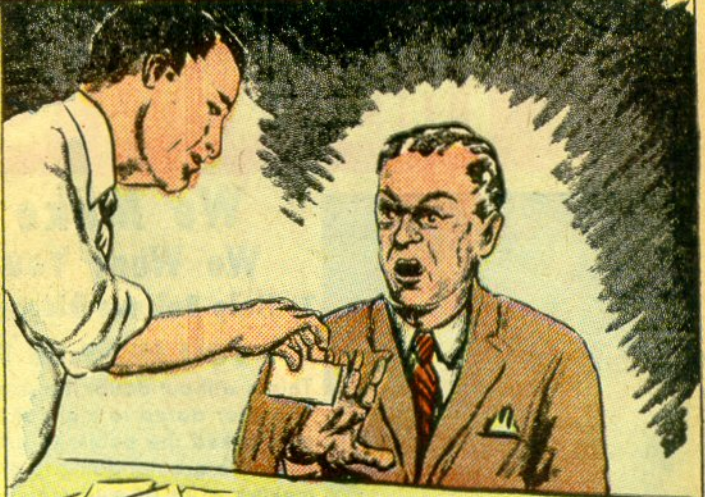
by CLAUDE MOORE



LARRY RAYMON

KILLED A STATE TROOPER IN INDIANA DURING A ROBBERY - THEN RACED FOR THE STATE LINE BELIEVING THAT IF HE CROSSED IT INTO ANOTHER STATE HE WOULD BE SAFE - NOT SO TODAY!

INTERSTATE POLICE RADIO COMMUNICATION AND BLOCKADE SYSTEMS CORNERED LARRY, AND POLICE FROM FIVE BORDERING STATES CLOSED IN ON HIM!



JAKE WEBB, BROUGHT IN TO HEADQUARTERS AND CHARGED WITH BANK ROBBERY IN TEXAS, WASN'T EVEN ASKED FOR AN ALIBI - THE POLICE SHOWED HIM CLEAR PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIMSELF RUNNING OUT OF THE BANK WITH THE MONEY! A QUICK THINKING STREET PHOTOGRAPHER TOOK THE PICTURES!



A SHOE STORE SALESMAN BOASTED TO A CUSTOMER THAT HE HAD SAVED \$150 FROM A HOLDUP MAN BY KEEPING THE MONEY HIDDEN IN A SHOE BOX INSTEAD OF THE CASH REGISTER! THE CUSTOMER PULLED OUT A GUN - DEMANDED THE MONEY AND GOT IT!



IDA EXANSO - DEPARTMENT STORE CLERK, BEGAN TO SPEND A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN SHE EARNED! SUSPICION WAS CENTERED ON HER WHEN SHE BOUGHT A 1951 BUICK ON HER \$28 A WEEK SALARY! SHE HAD BEEN STEALING MONEY FROM THE STORE FOR 9 MONTHS!



ESCAPED CONVICT RAY TOULE WAS IN CITY HOSPITAL AFTER AN OPERATION AND THE MAN IN THE BED NEXT TO RAY RECOGNIZED HIM AND HAD RAY SENT BACK TO PRISON!

THE MAN IN THE NEXT BED WAS ONE OF THE PRISON GUARDS!



A CHEWING-GUM WRAPPER WAS THE ONLY CLUE LEFT BY THE ROBBER IN THE STOKLY HOUSE! THEIR JEWELRY HAD BEEN TAKEN! A DETECTIVE WATCHED CLOSELY, ALL THE NEXT DAY, EVERY PERSON HE SAW CHEWING GUM! LUCK WAS WITH HIM, HE NOTICED ONE FELLOW WEARING A LADIES' WRISTWATCH - IT WAS MRS STOKLYS!

GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?

SHOWER

No SIR! - ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
FAST!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



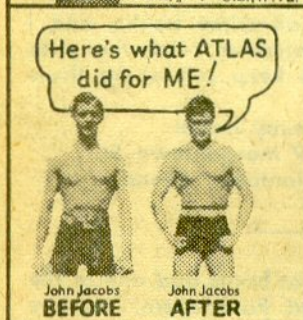
5 inches
of new
Muscle

"My arms increased
1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; fore-
arm 3/4". — C.S. W. Va.



What a
difference!

"Have put
3 1/2" on chest (nor-
mal) and 2 1/4" ex-
panded." F.S. N. Y.



Here's what ATLAS
did for ME!

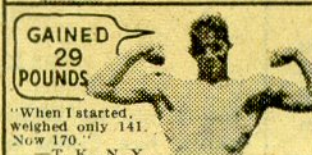
John Jacobs
BEFORE

John Jacobs
AFTER



For quick results
I recommend
**CHARLES
ATLAS**

"Am sending snapshot
showing wonderful pro-
gress." — W. G., N. J.



**GAINED
29
POUNDS**

"When I started,
weighed only 141.
Now 170."
— T. K., N. Y.

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man" in
international
contest — in
competition with
ALL men who
would consent to
appear against
him.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today—at ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 254H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 254H
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Dear Reader:

In every issue of **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. We have the pens and the talent, but you must supply the guidance. It will appear as you like it, but we must first know what's on your mind.

My parents and I agree that Crime and Punishment is a very good step forward in preventing the children of today from becoming the criminals of tomorrow. I think this book should come out more often. Keep up the good work.

Kitty Moran
4109 Izard St.
Omaha, Nebraska

I am a steady reader of your magazine, Crime and Punishment. My parents think it is a very educational comic book for me, because I am a teen-ager, and I might face the same things myself someday.

Nellie White
5210 Eilers Ave.
Austine, Texas

I have been reading Crime and Punishment for about three years. They show me that all criminals, no matter how smart they think they are, make one mistake. I wonder when men will learn that crime never pays.

Leslie Brinsfield
613 Goldsboro St.
Easton, Maryland

I am thirteen years old and my hobby is collecting comic books. One day I bought Crime Does Not Pay, and it was very good. I liked it so much, that I now buy Crime Does Not Pay, Crime and Punishment and Black Diamond.

John Biek
1525 Perkins Ave.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

In my neighborhood the children play Cops and Robbers just as I did when I was young. When I was old enough, I started reading Crime and Punishment, and learned how the killer always gets caught. I liked to be the Robber in the game, and so did the other kids, but if I had my boyhood over, I wouldn't want to be the robber, for I know now that crime does not pay. Thank you for putting out such a wonderful comic.

Howard Humphrey
241 Oxford Ave.
Buffalo 9, N. Y.

I have read almost all crime books, and I think Crime and Punishment is one that tops them all. I hope you keep publishing these crime books.

Tommy Isabel
309 Morgantown St.
Uniontown, Penna.

My family, ten of us at home and one in the Navy, like Crime and Punishment. We like the stories, the way they are told and the lessons they teach.

Mrs. Thelma Dumpert
Jonesboro
Indiana

I read your book Crime and Punishment very often. I think it is the most wonderful book on the market. If both young and old would read your book, they would learn that crime does not pay. You have helped to make America a better place in which to live.

Shirley Lorene Baker
Burfield
Kentucky

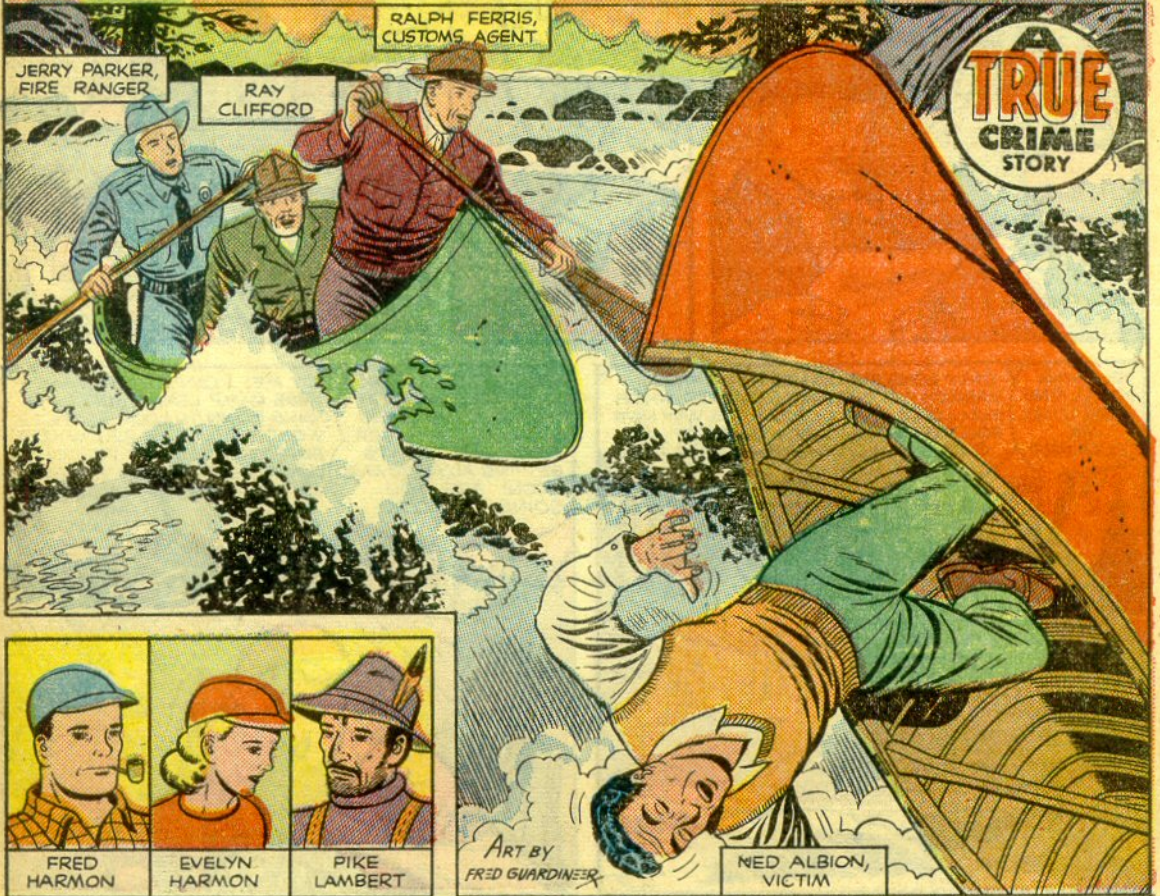
Please try to limit your letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc. We reserve the right to edit same and use for all purposes. Address all letters to "Readers Page," **CRIME & PUNISHMENT**, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, New York.

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

WHO DUNNIT?

HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU? THE CLUES ARE RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES! CAN YOU FINGER THE MURDERER IN...

THE MOOSEHORN RIVER MYSTERY



RALPH FERRIS, CUSTOMS AGENT

JERRY PARKER, FIRE RANGER

RAY CLIFFORD

TRUE
CRIME
STORY



FRED HARMON

EVELYN HARMON

PIKE LAMBERT

ART BY
FRED GUARDINER

NED ALBION, VICTIM

WHAT A LOVELY PLACE FOR OUR CAMP SITE, FRED!

I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT, EVELYN! SUPPOSE YOU HELP PIKE LAMBERT BUILD A FIREPLACE, WHILE I GO UP THE SLOPE AND CHOP SOME TREES FOR OUR CABIN! BY THE WAY, I PICKED UP THE MAIL AT THE POST OFFICE! HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU, CLIFFORD!

THANKS, HARMON!

TELL ME, PIKE...IF THIS IS SUCH A WONDERFUL PLACE FOR A CAMP SITE, HOW DID MY HUSBAND PICK IT UP FOR PRACTICALLY NOTHING? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT—TOO MUCH SWAMP WATER?

NO, MRG. HARMON! TOO MUCH WHITE WATER!



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



WHITE WATER? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

RAPIDS, MA'AM, LIKE THESE! THEY START UP BY BIG ROCK, A QUARTER MILE ABOVE! OF COURSE THEY AREN'T TOO ROUGH, THESE RAPIDS! I'VE SEEN PEOPLE BUILD CAMP ALONG SIDE OF WORSE!



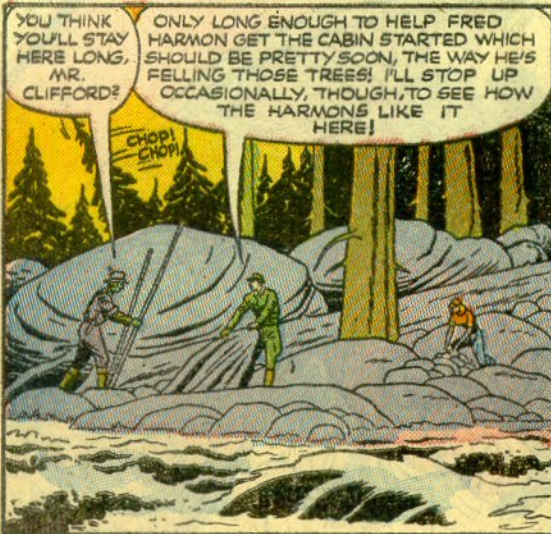
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BUT THE TROUBLE WITH THESE RAPIDS IS, THEY RUN RIGHT OFF INTO MICHU FALLS, A SIXTY-FOOT DROP EXCEPT FOR HALF WAY LEDGE WHICH WOULD BE EVEN WORSE TO HIT THAN THE BOTTOM! ANYBODY WHO HAS EVER GONE OVER THOSE FALLS SURE WAS A GONER!

HOW ABOUT LENDING ME A HAND WITH SOME TENT RACKS, PIKE?

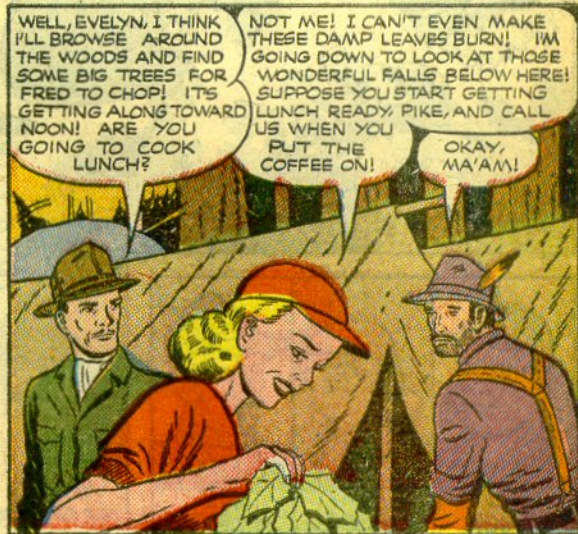
WE'D BETTER BURN THESE LEAVES, FIRST!



YOU THINK YOU'LL STAY HERE LONG, MR. CLIFFORD?

ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO HELP FRED HARMON GET THE CABIN STARTED WHICH SHOULD BE PRETTY SOON, THE WAY HE'S FELLING THOSE TREES! I'LL STOP UP OCCASIONALLY, THOUGH, TO SEE HOW THE HARMONS LIKE IT HERE!

CHOP!
CHOP!



WELL, EVELYN, I THINK I'LL BROWSE AROUND THE WOODS AND FIND SOME BIG TREES FOR FRED TO CHOP! IT'S GETTING ALONG TOWARD NOON! ARE YOU GOING TO COOK LUNCH?

NOT ME! I CAN'T EVEN MAKE THESE DAMP LEAVES BURN! I'M GOING DOWN TO LOOK AT THOSE WONDERFUL FALLS BELOW HERE! SUPPOSE YOU START GETTING LUNCH READY, PIKE, AND CALL US WHEN YOU PUT THE COFFEE ON!

OKAY, MA'AM!



MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES UPSTREAM, A CUSTOMS OFFICER AND A FOREST RANGER SPOT A MAN THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR!

THAT'S NED ALBION, THE JEWEL SMUGGLER, ALL RIGHT! I'D RECOGNIZE HIM A MILE AWAY!

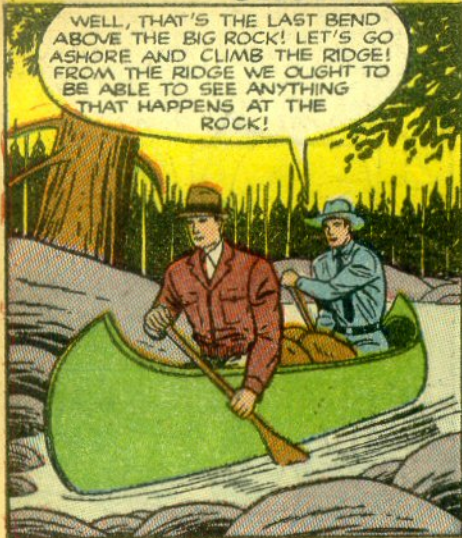
LET'S HOP IN OUR CANOE AND TAIL HIM! IT WON'T BE FAR, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GO BELOW BIG ROCK! THAT'S WHERE THE RAPIDS FEED INTO THAT FALLS!



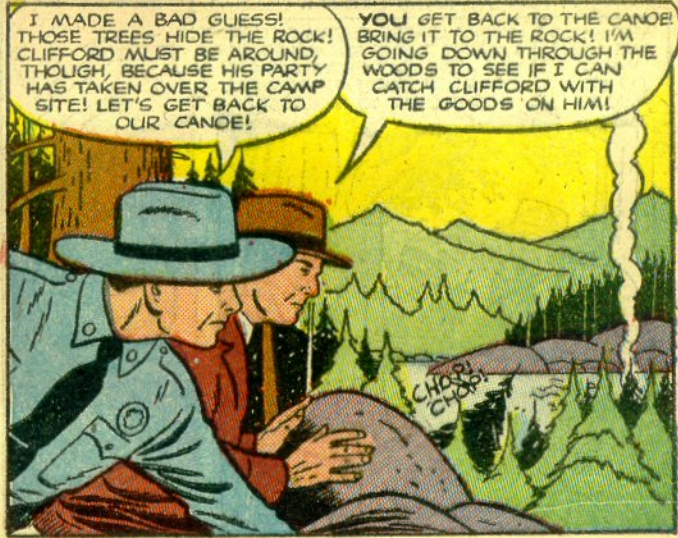
WHAT GETS ME IS HOW YOU CUSTOMS OFFICERS LATCH ON TO A SMUGGLER SO EASY!

NO TOUGHER THAN THE WAY YOU RANGERS TRACK DOWN GAME OR SMELL OUT FIRES! WE HAD A TIP THAT NED ALBION WAS WORKING FROM CANADA WITH A NEW YORK JEWELER, NAMED RAY CLIFFORD!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

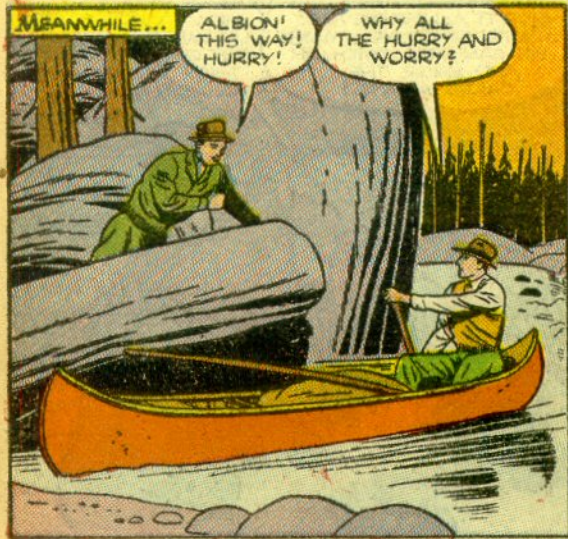


WELL, THAT'S THE LAST BEND ABOVE THE BIG ROCK! LET'S GO ASHORE AND CLIMB THE RIDGE! FROM THE RIDGE WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SEE ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS AT THE ROCK!



I MADE A BAD GUESS! THOSE TREES HIDE THE ROCK! CLIFFORD MUST BE AROUND, THOUGH, BECAUSE HIS PARTY HAS TAKEN OVER THE CAMP SITE! LET'S GET BACK TO OUR CANOE!

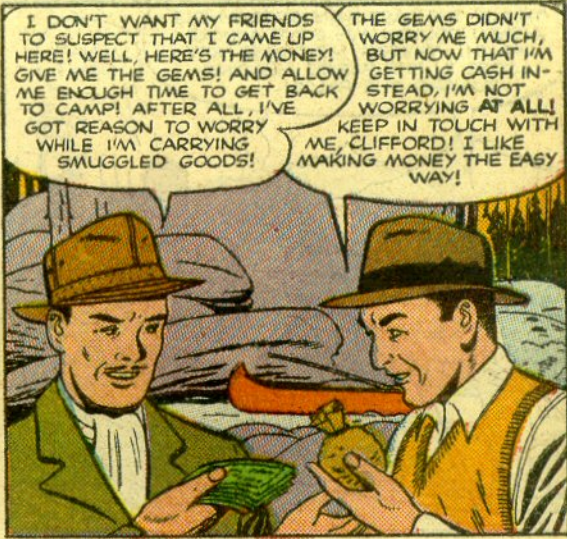
YOU GET BACK TO THE CANOE! BRING IT TO THE ROCK! I'M GOING DOWN THROUGH THE WOODS TO SEE IF I CAN CATCH CLIFFORD WITH THE GOODS ON HIM!



MEANWHILE...

ALBION! THIS WAY! HURRY!

WHY ALL THE HURRY AND WORRY?

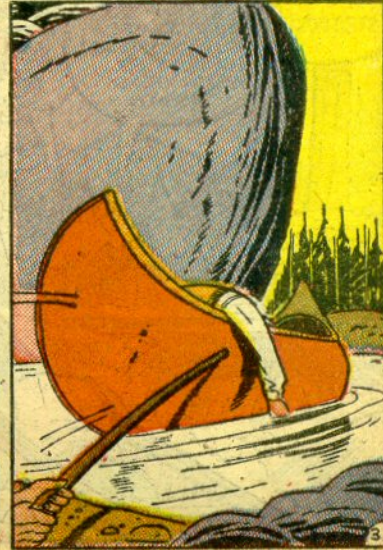


I DON'T WANT MY FRIENDS TO SUSPECT THAT I CAME UP HERE! WELL, HERE'S THE MONEY! GIVE ME THE GEMS! AND ALLOW ME ENOUGH TIME TO GET BACK TO CAMP! AFTER ALL, I'VE GOT REASON TO WORRY WHILE I'M CARRYING SMUGGLED GOODS!

THE GEMS DIDN'T WORRY ME MUCH, BUT NOW THAT I'M GETTING CASH INSTEAD, I'M NOT WORRYING AT ALL! KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME, CLIFFORD! I LIKE MAKING MONEY THE EASY WAY!

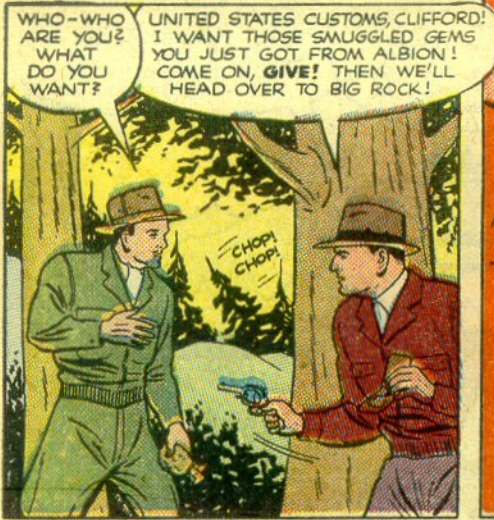


WHEN CLIFFORD HAD LEFT, ALBION WANDERED BACK TO HIS CANOE, COUNTING THE MONEY OVER AND OVER! THEN...



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



WHO-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

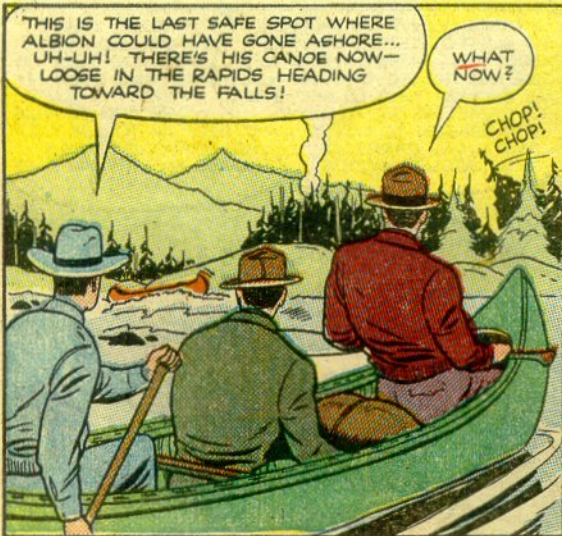
UNITED STATES CUSTOMS, CLIFFORD! I WANT THOSE SMUGGLED GEMS YOU JUST GOT FROM ALBION! COME ON, GIVE! THEN WE'LL HEAD OVER TO BIG ROCK!

CHOP!
CHOP!



I'VE BAGGED CLIFFORD WITH THE GEMS! BUT WHAT ABOUT ALBION? HE COULDN'T GET UPSTREAM WITHOUT PASSING YOU-OR COULD HE?

NOT A CHANCE! HE MUST'VE SWUNG AROUND AND BELOW BIG ROCK, THINKING HE COULD PLAY POSSUM! CLIMB IN AND WE'LL SCARE HIM UP!



THIS IS THE LAST SAFE SPOT WHERE ALBION COULD HAVE GONE ASHORE... UH-UH! THERE'S HIS CANOE NOW- LOOSE IN THE RAPIDS HEADING TOWARD THE FALLS!

WHAT NOW?

CHOP!
CHOP!



GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT! STROKE! STROOKE... MAYBE WE CAN STILL CATCH UP AND DRIVE THE CANOE ASHORE!

HEY, LET ME OUT OF THIS!

STROOKE!



STROOKE!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! PUT ME ASHORE! I'M JUST SO MUCH DEAD WEIGHT!

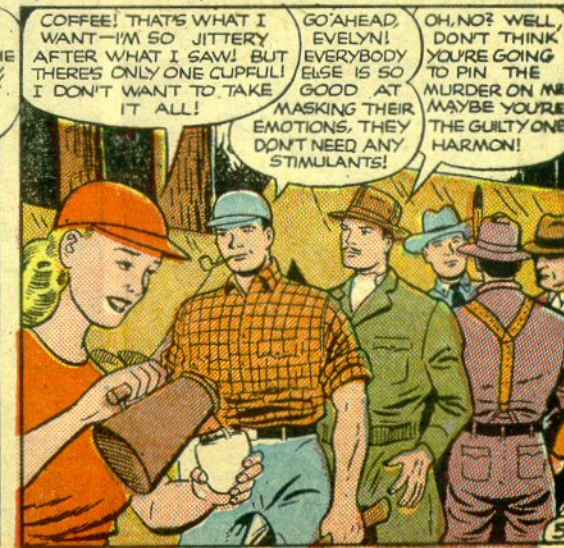
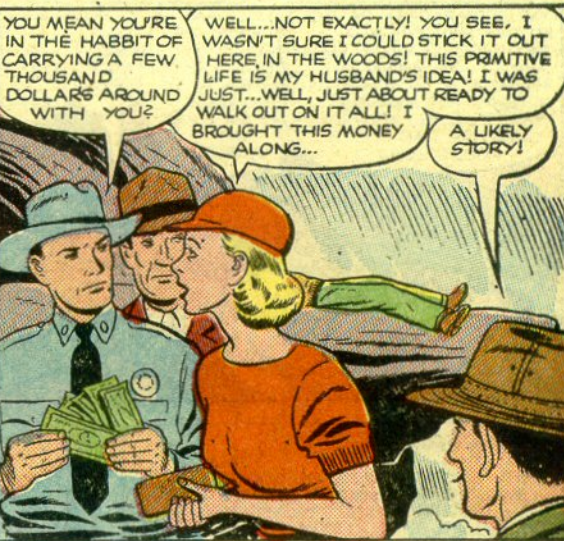
THAT'S WHAT WE NEED-WEIGHT FOR BALLAST! YOU'RE WITH US TO STAY, CLIFFORD!



TOO LATE!

BACK WATER! GRAB FOR THOSE ROCKS! WE CAN STILL SAVE OURSELVES!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



POOR MAN--HE HADN'T A CHANCE TO SAVE HIMSELF! HOW--HOW IN THE WORLD DID IT EVER HAPPEN?

MAYBE SHE'S JUST THE PERSON WHO CAN TELL HOW IT HAPPENED! SEE IF SHE'S GOT THAT MONEY I PAID ALBION!

OH--HOW TERRIBLE!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE IN THE HABBIT OF CARRYING A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS AROUND WITH YOU?

WELL...NOT EXACTLY! YOU SEE, I WASN'T SURE I COULD STICK IT OUT HERE IN THE WOODS! THIS PRIMITIVE LIFE IS MY HUSBAND'S IDEA! I WAS JUST...WELL, JUST ABOUT READY TO WALK OUT ON IT ALL! I BROUGHT THIS MONEY ALONG...

A LIKELY STORY!

OH, FRED! I'VE BEEN ARRESTED--CHARGED WITH KILLING A MAN I NEVER EVEN SAW, AND ACCUSED OF STEALING MY OWN MONEY!

HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS!

RALPH FERRIS, UNITED STATES CUSTOMS OFFICER! YES, SIR, I'M THE GUIDE WITH THIS PARTY, PIKE LAMBERT! I JUST PUT THE COFFEE ON AND WAS BLOWING THE HORN FOR LUNCH!

COFFEE! THAT'S WHAT I WANT--I'M SO JITTERY AFTER WHAT I SAW! BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE CUPFUL! I DON'T WANT TO TAKE IT ALL!

GO AHEAD, EVELYN! EVERYBODY ELSE IS SO GOOD AT MASKING THEIR EMOTIONS, THEY DON'T NEED ANY STIMULANTS!

OH, NO? WELL, DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO PIN THE MURDER ON ME! MAYBE YOU'RE THE GUILTY ONE, HARMON!

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

YOU PICKED UP THE MAIL, SO MAYBE YOU READ THAT LETTER BEFORE I DID! IT WAS FROM NED ALBION, ARRANGING A MEETING AT BIG ROCK!

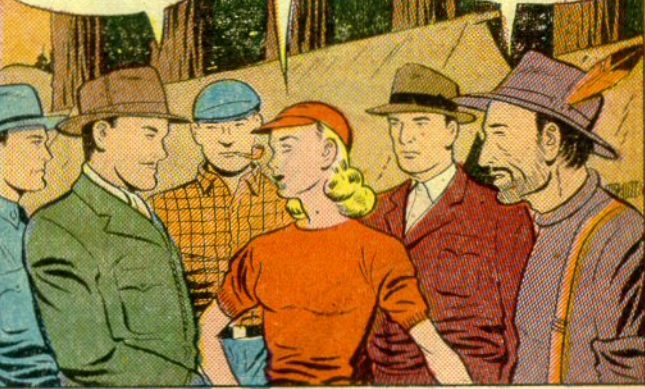


SO WHAT? I WOULDN'T THINK OF OPENING ANYBODY'S MAIL! YOU'RE BLUFFING, CLIFFORD, TO SAVE YOUR OWN FACE!

I CRUMPLED THE LETTER AND THREW IT IN THE FIRE! MAYBE YOU PICKED IT UP, EVELYN, WHILE YOU WERE TRYING TO BURN THOSE DAMP LEAVES!

PREPOSTEROUS! BUT IF YOU'RE ACCUSING ME, YOU MAY AS WELL INCLUDE PIKE! HE WAS FUSSING AROUND THE FIRE, TOO!

HA! HA! YOU CAN LEAVE ME OUT! I QUIT SCHOOL IN THE FIRST GRADE! YOU ASK DOWN IN TOWN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! I NEVER LEARNED TO READ OR WRITE!



I'M JERRY PARKER, OF THE FOREST RANGERS, AND BETWEEN US, RALPH FERRIS AND I HAVE SUFFICIENT AUTHORITY TO MAKE AN ARREST FOR MURDER! WHAT'S MORE, I'M PRETTY SURE WE CAN DECIDE WHO'S GUILTY!



YOU CAN LEAVE ME OUT, THEN! I DIDN'T EVEN GO BACK TO BIG ROCK AFTER I PAID OFF ALBION!

I WAS DOWN BELOW MICHIO FALLS!

AND I WAS HERE, GETTING LUNCH READY!

I WAS UP THE SLOPE, CHOPPING DOWN TREES!

THIS STONE WE FOUND IN ALBION'S CANOE HAS MICA IN IT, LIKE THOSE UP BY BIG ROCK! SOMEBODY BATTERED ALBION WITH IT AND THEN DUCKED AWAY TO FAKE AN ALIBI!



WHO DUNNIT?



FRED HARMON



PIKE LAMBERT



EVELYN HARMON



RAY CLIFFORD

IF YOU CANNOT GUESS WHO DUNNIT, TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE SOLUTION!

THE END

CONFRONTED WITH SUCH PROOF, PIKE LAMBERT CONFESSED THAT HE'D READ THE LETTER AND SNEAKED UP TO AWAIT NED ALBION! PIKE WAS SURE THE TRIP OVER THE FALL WOULD MAKE THE DEATH LOOK ACCIDENTAL, BUT HE DIDN'T EXPECT RANGER PARKER AND CUSTOMS AGENT FERRIS TO BE HOT ALONG THE TRAIL!



THAT LEAVES ONLY YOU, PIKE, WHO WERE ABLE TO READ MY LETTER, BUT THERE WAS ONLY A CUPFUL IN THE POT! YOU STARTED THE COFFEE EARLIER, AND IT BOILED AWAY WHILE YOU WERE UP AT BIG ROCK, ROBBING ALBION OF THIS MONEY! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN CARELESS ENOUGH TO KEEP IT ON YOUR PERSON, PIKE!



YOUR MONEY WAS DRY, TOO, MRS. HARMON, SO YOU COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IT FROM ALBION AFTER HE WENT OVER THE FALLS! AND WE ALSO ELIMINATING YOU, CLIFFORD, BECAUSE, IF YOU HAD KILLED ALBION, I'D HAVE FOUND THE MONEY ON YOU ALONG WITH THE SMUGGLED GEMS!



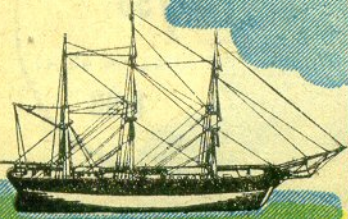
I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, MR. HARMON! EVERY TIME I LOOKED UP THE SLOPE I SAW A BIG TREE FALLING, SO YOU MUST HAVE BEEN UP THERE CHOPPING! AS FOR YOU, MRS. HARMON, YOU COULDN'T HAVE SHOWN ALBION OFF FROM BIG ROCK AND GOTTEN DOWN BELOW THE FALLS AHEAD OF HIM!



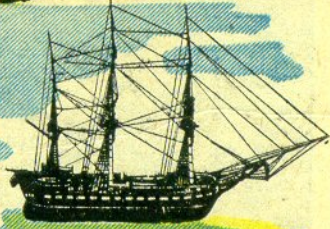
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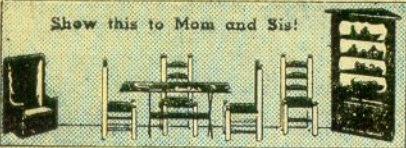


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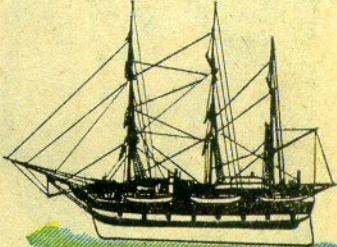


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